

LIFE



PARTY TIME

DECEMBER 23, 1940 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

Thought for the future "I'll make it up to her, someday."

So thinks each man who marries with modest means—seeing for the first time the gay, brave spirit with which a woman in love can face the world. * Tenderly, and with some humility, he plans the treasures with which he will someday surround her. Visions of stately houses—of broad, sun-dappled lawns and sweeping gardens, of furs and shining cars and jewels—delight his dreaming. All for her—someday. * He does not reckon, in his high state of hope, that there are some things that, neglected




PAINTING BY RAOUL DUFY, FROM THE DE BEERS COLLECTION

Current Prices of Unmounted Quality Diamonds. (Exact weights shown are infrequent.) Size alone does not determine values. Purity, color and excellence of cutting affect the price. Many reliable jewelers will arrange payments for fine stones over an extended period.

ONE-HALF CARAT,  PRICED \$100 TO \$200

ONE CARAT, PRICED BETWEEN  \$325 AND \$600

TWO CARATS,  FROM \$600 TO \$1750

 THREE-CARAT STONES
ARE OBTAINABLE FROM \$1500

now, can never be made up in later life. Not in many a month of somedays. Not in the accomplishment of all his plans for time to come. * His engagement diamond is such a gesture. No other ring given in later years can ever hold its precious significance for both of them. Given unworthily, foregone in a sweet gesture of self-sacrifice, it can never be replaced—for in its shining light is stored the treasure of their hearts. * A man must select this stone for his lifetime, to the measure of all the hopes he plans to realize. Color, fine cutting, and absence of imperfections are as important as actual size in its lasting value. (A trusted merchant should be patronized, naturally.) For he is making—now—one of the most important purchases of all his journey through the world. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., and Associated Companies.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Vultee Strike

Sirs:

Anent LIFE's article (Dec. 2) on the Vultee strike, it is my opinion that you, me and 90% of us are overlooking our greatest jeopardy:

One labor strike, stimulating delay and sabotage in our preparation and aid, is more beneficial than one night's air raid by the enemy. Some element must help, and LIFE can help, incite our people against the strikes (and strike leaders) which are occurring in our country at such crucial times as these.

The Selective Service Act was recently enacted to prepare America. We of conscript age were given little choice in the matter—the law said to register with the prospect of a year's training, and possibly service, or a jail term. Even so, this possibility of a year's interruption in our lives created but little disturbance.

The conscripts can't do it all—it's "together we hang or be hanged separately," and it's going to be the latter if the other essentials aren't also conscripted.

DAVID C. PETTIT

Las Vegas, N. Mex.

Sirs:

America's Preparedness Drive is cockeyed when 5,000 citizens can "quit cold" in the construction of \$85,000,000-worth of vitally needed military products unless they get \$6 minimum a day for their labor, while 1,000,000 men must provide their services for 60¢ a day in tedious, arduous, distasteful work that adds little or nothing to their trade or professional training.

DON L. STERLING

Dallas, Tex.

Sirs:

Until I picked up your Dec. 2 issue I was one of your most loyal supporters and I thought your magazine was tops. But, your write-up on the Vultee strike made me boil inside. I work at Vultee Aircraft, Downey, Calif. and I also was one of the strikers for an American wage—not \$6 an hour. In the first place, \$6 an hour is exactly \$10.40 a week. Could you live on that wage?

Now, as to your "first casualty" picture. That is the biggest lie of the year! I was working on the C.I.O. police detail and know what happened to our little friend, the 18-year-old mailboy. He took the company car to a football game, and after the game he got into a fight with one of the fellows there. After getting his face and teeth messed up in the fight, he had to find some excuse for his injuries so he told the police that a couple of "big bad strikers" beat him up. Also, for your information, there was no violence in the strike at Vultee at any time.

R. J. KNIPP

Long Beach, Calif.

● Like Pacific Coast newspapers, LIFE was misled by Mailboy Hatcher's story on how he got his face and teeth messed up.—ED.

Fire Extinguisher

Sirs:

The extreme heat generated by the occasional proximity of one Lewis (left corner) and one Hillman (right corner) has



LEWIS AND HILLMAN

been sufficiently proclaimed in the press to add interest to their picture in your Dec. 2 issue.

No doubt, fearing that they might break out in an active conflagration, your cameraman took the precaution to bring them together at the fire extinguisher. He should be commended for his foresight.

MARTIN L. MOORE

Sewickley, Pa.

Small Town's Saturday Night

Sirs:

When LIFE visited Franklin, Ind. (Dec. 2 issue), it also dropped in on the spirit of scores of other small towns in this part of the country. Aside from specific names of people and places, our little town resembles Franklin down to the last detail—including the apparent disregard for double-parking restrictions.

Congratulations on your splendid article about the finest part of our country.

WILLIAM SHAFTNER

Greenville, Ohio

Sirs:

Congratulations on another LIFE scoop. I am probably but one of a number of others who planned to do an article with pictures, of course, on "A Small Town's Saturday Night." But while I was adding a bit of paving to you-know-where, you up and did it. Perhaps my procrastination lay in the fact that for the past five years I have been deciding whether my town should be Lexington, Va. or Alexandria, Va.

BARBARA TRIGG BROWN

Alexandria, Va.

● Alexandria, Va.'s Saturday night, of course, is usually spent in Washington, D. C.—ED.

Mexico's Camacho

Sirs:

Mr. Wickware's article on Mexico and its new President (LIFE, Dec. 2) must be considered a splendid one, not only by people having heard little or nothing about the subject, but even by Mexicans. A Mexican myself, I think Mr. Wickware did a doubly splendid job.

ALBERTO RUEDA V.

Mexico, D. F.

Sirs:

It was with profound regret that I read your article entitled "Mexico's President."

After the writer refers to Mexico and the Mexican people with a badly disguised contempt in several parts of his article, he comes to the conclusion that General Manuel Avila Camacho, the recently inaugurated President of Mexico, is by implication "callous and stupid."

Your article does not limit itself to insulting the Mexican President, but extends the uncomplimentary remarks to the whole Mexican people.

PEDRO MIGUEL COLINIA

Washington, D. C.

Sirs:

I wish to congratulate LIFE on being one of the first magazines in the U. S. to publish a 100% article on Mexico.

Back in 1937 General Camacho saw the importance of the establishment of an aircraft factory in the Mexican Republic. He foresaw the importance of air transportation from both commercial and military phases, the importance of new industry and guarantees for foreign capital. He is a man of his word, and every ounce the man you say he is in your article.

HOWARD FREDERICK KLEIN

Hempstead, N. Y.

Machine Tools

Sirs:

Your story on machine tools and the Pratt & Whitney plant (LIFE, Dec. 2) explains to a layman just what machine tools are, how they work and why they are important. It had heretofore been a mystery to me.

HUGH WHITNEY MORRISON

Toronto, Ontario

Sirs:

May I congratulate you on the story of machine tools. Such an interesting dramatization of the engineer, the machine-tool designer, the tool engineer, the production specialist and lastly but almost most important of all, the highly skilled competent artisans of the tool room, most effectively portray that teamwork of the American type which has made our ma-

(continued on p. 2)



27,000 Propellers COMING UP

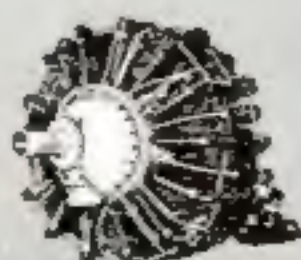
TO MEET the needs of the National Defense program, the United States Army and Navy now have on order more than 27,000 Hamilton Standard propellers. These are in addition to the continuing heavy requirements of the British Empire.

In anticipation of these demands, Hamilton Standard began a far-reaching expansion program nearly two years ago. Its plant and personnel, even then the largest among American propeller manufacturers, have already been tripled; and production has been increased four-fold. By next summer, this record-breaking production rate will again be doubled.

Here, once more, is assurance that the American aircraft industry is successfully meeting the unprecedented requirements for aeronautical equipment at home and abroad.

UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

East Hartford, Connecticut



PRATT & WHITNEY ENGINES



VOUGHT-SIKORSKY AIRPLANES



HAMILTON STANDARD PROPELLERS

This One



2A19-4NT-WWTN

Joe!...in the HOSPITAL?

...why, he only had the sniffles when we went dancing Saturday!



YOU have probably known several cases like that . . . the medical records report lots of them. And they all lead up to this warning:

Don't take a cold lightly. Don't neglect it. Take care of it at once.

HELP NATURE EARLY

If you feel a cold coming on, or your throat feels irritated, go to bed. Keep warm. Drink plenty of water and fruit juices. Eat lightly. Gargle full strength Listerine Antiseptic every two hours.

All of these simple measures are aimed to help Nature to abort a cold quickly. Rest and warmth build up reserve. Juices and water aid elimination. Food restores strength. And Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces . . . the very types of germs that many authorities claim are the cause of many of the distressing aspects of a cold. Tests showed germ reductions on tissue surfaces ranging to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine gargle, and up to 80% one hour after.

9 YEARS OF RESEARCH

And in tests conducted during 9 years of research, those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not use it. This

success we ascribe to Listerine's germ-killing action on the mouth and throat surfaces.

We wish we could say that Listerine Antiseptic so used would always head off a cold, but we cannot. We do say that as a first aid it is deserving of your most serious consideration.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Offer good only in Continental U.S.A.



At the first symptom of COLD or SORE THROAT **LISTERINE-QUICK!**

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

chine-tool industry the envy of the world. To bring this picture, prosaic as it is to those of us who work with it day in and day out, to the attention of the public at large is a great tribute to your imagination.

While it is evident through the whole story I could wish that it had been more explicitly stated that this teamwork of science and technology is dedicated to the development of a better American way of peacetime living and now becomes the very keystone of our national defense. We begin again to hear the cry that science and technology are destroying civilization. Of course it is true. Modernized warfare is predicated upon developments of science and technology, but it is even more true that science and technology developed these instrumentations for the peacetime improvement of our civilization although they are being prostituted to destructive ends at the present time.

J. W. BARKER

Dean, School of Engineering

Columbia University
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

Either I'm nuts or you have been given a bum steer. The article on machine tools is, in my humble estimation, superb but I think there's an error.

The picture at the top of page 62 shows the gear grinder working on what you called a helical gear. Not so. It's a plain, everyday spur gear of around 30-odd teeth, from what I can see.

Wouldn't it be horrible if I was wrong? If so, I will consume without benefit of condiments, any size, type and pitch gear you care to send me.

ARTHUR L. BRIGGS

Gardner, Mass.

● LIFE, not Reader Briggs, is wrong. He need not eat his gears.—ED.

Tragic Jacqueline Long

Sirs:

Remember the little girl, remember tragic little Jacqueline Long? Remember the pictures in your Oct. 7 issue of that tragic courthouse scene where the child was torn from parent to parent as she cried bewilderedly, "I want to go to father?"

The mother kept the child. Busy with her career as torch singer, she placed her in the Sacred Heart Villa pending the outcome of the custody battle. There, refusing to eat, crying for her daddy, this



THE LATE JACQUELINE LONG

hapless child recently passed away. Medical men said she died of "a nervous disorder." They could not say, "died of a broken heart."

Standing over little Jacqueline's grave, the parents still refused to look at each other. And so there will always be war and hatred, for we can never learn, not even through the sacrifice of a Christ or a Jacqueline Long; we shall always have these things—the death of a child, the bombing of a town—for God Himself tried to teach us and seems to have failed.

JAMES EDMISTON

San Jose, Calif.

Hero Wick

Sirs:

Your assertion (LIFE, Dec. 9) that Major Helmuth Wick, who was shot down recently over the English Channel, was the "most boastful" of Germany's air heroes was an understatement that did scant credit to Major Wick's talents.

I was present at one of his periodic visits to the press conference. The Richthofen Squadron had allegedly bagged 37 British planes and Major Wick, five lesser officers and an older colonel assigned to the squadron to keep the boys in order were rushed to Berlin to tell the press about it.

Major Wick spoke first. With fine dramatic gestures and clipped syllables barked in a drill-sergeant voice he took off and led us with him right into a large group of Vickers Wellington bombers.

"I was choking with glee," said Hero Wick, "as I picked out the British squadron leader. You see, my men have strict orders always to leave the squadron leaders to me for they are my meat. I closed in on him to kill the tail gunner first, could see the gunner in his glass egg looking at me as I came at him. He must have realized that he had to do with Wick because he didn't even shoot; just waited for his doom. Well, I let him have a squirt and he wilted up like an old forget-me-not." Here Hero Wick also wilted



HERO WICK

with sagging jaw, hanging tongue and bleary eyes to demonstrate what he meant. "God, was it funny?" he exclaimed and laughed some more in recollection. "I wish you could have seen it. I completely forgot where I was for a moment; I was so amused. Then I said to myself, 'Wick, you can't go home today until you have ten Tommy scalps,' and I went to work in earnest. The Britons up front must have known that Wick was on their tail because they winged over and tried to run. You see, I am well known across the Channel. Well, I let them go until they must have thought they had escaped. Then I shouted 'Junge hinein!' (At 'em boys!) and went to the slaughter. Everytime I pressed my trigger button a Tommy went down. My second in command was following me up and counting the bag. Some of the British didn't even wait for me to come up but started to bail out as soon as they saw that I had singled them out as my next one."

Following the conference there was a reception at which the press was also present, but it was entirely dominated by the loud voice and gestures of Hero Wick, who shot down a few more squadrons and struck dozens of dramatic gestures for Nazi photographers.

From Wick's story and the account of his final heroism, it seems that he always had his tail protected by another flier, which is most unusual unless the German fighter squadrons fly duck-fashion or the squadron had orders from Goebbels to protect Hero Wick. Even to shoot him down, a British flier had to take the colossal chance of diving between him and the Nazi aviator following him.

WILLIAM BAYLES

New York, N. Y.

LIFE'S REPORTS

IOÁNNINA, THE "HADES" OF GREECE

by J. L. CAMPBELL

The author of this report is an American novelist who recently returned from Europe. He describes a visit to the town of Ioánnina, which was one of the first Italian objectives in their attack on Greece.

Ioánnina is the capital of Epirus, and Epirus, because of its deep gorges and evil-looking cliffs, was the "Hades" of the ancient Greeks—an idea, I daresay, now shared by the Italians. The people of this fierce province are today very much as they were a thousand years ago.

When I got off the boat at Porto Edda and looked at the mountains and then at the bus that was supposed to climb them I wondered if I hadn't made a mistake. My guide, a Greek named Paris, pooh-poohed my fears so we climbed in among the chickens and people. A Greek mother visiting her married daughter takes her poultry with her, otherwise who would feed them? There was a screeching of gears and we started off at full speed. I grasped the back of the seat in front of me and a bit of it came off in my hand. The bus began to climb immediately, up, up and then, sometimes, suddenly down. The few people we saw on the road were usually shepherds, powerfully built, fierce-eyed men with knives in their belts and guns slung on leather straps across their shoulders.

The sun was just setting when we reached Ioánnina. It is a beautiful city set beside a large green lake. Little groups of veiled women tittered as they strolled along the streets. An old man in a fez sat cross-legged on a table smoking a hookah. Flies buzzed contentedly. Before the tavern doors little boys slowly turned spits on which suckling pigs were roasting over charcoal fires.

A tall, magnificent man with a black beard hove into sight and Paris asked him where we might spend the night. "There is room for you in my house," the man said in a deep, rich voice. This turned out to be a

single whitewashed room. One enormous bed was spread with pink-satin sheets, only slightly soiled. Silvermounted muskets were stacked behind the door, and supper, a sort of stew of lamb well mixed with herbs and oil, vegetables and garlic, simmered over a charcoal brazier... The son too was tall and ferocious looking and so shy that he ate his dinner on the doorstep. Now and then he threw a morsel to his dog, a savage beast as big as a calf. "It is lucky we are here with you or he would kill you," the father said. "Our dogs are taught to attack all strangers. They have even been known to fell a horse and rider."

After supper the son disappeared to see his fiancée while our host told us about his life. It was difficult to decide whether he was a shepherd, a brigand, a harness maker, a smuggler or merely the head man of a neighboring village. But he had a majesty and independence of manner that a king could emulate. That night he and his son slept on the floor. They insisted that we must have the bed. But, alas, sleep between the pink-satin sheets was not so easy. They were densely populated. The next morning our host sternly refused any payment but promised to write me in Athens.

I had been in Athens six weeks when a letter arrived.

"Will you call upon my son? He is in prison in Athens. Last week he shot his fiancée and also the man with whom she had betrayed him. Had my son then shot himself I could be proud of him because he would be a romantic lover, but as it is he is only a murderer and I am ashamed."

"Had he then shot himself I could be proud of him." That is the spirit of Epirus.

Try a
MILDER LAXATIVE



Make LEMON & SODA
your 'Regular' Rule



Do you take strong laxatives? Or do you need help, yet fear harshness? In either case, try this gentler aid.

First thing each morning, or last thing nightly, squeeze the juice of one Sunkist Lemon into a tall glass half full of water. Into another glass, put one-half teaspoon of baking soda (bicarbonate). Pour back and forth, and drink as foaming quiets.

Or you may prefer, as some do, to take just the lemon juice in a full glass of water.

Beside aiding elimination, lemons are the only known source of vitamin P (citrin), an excellent source of vitamin C, and help promote normal alkalinity.

Try this for ten days. See if you don't benefit when you make it your "regular" rule.

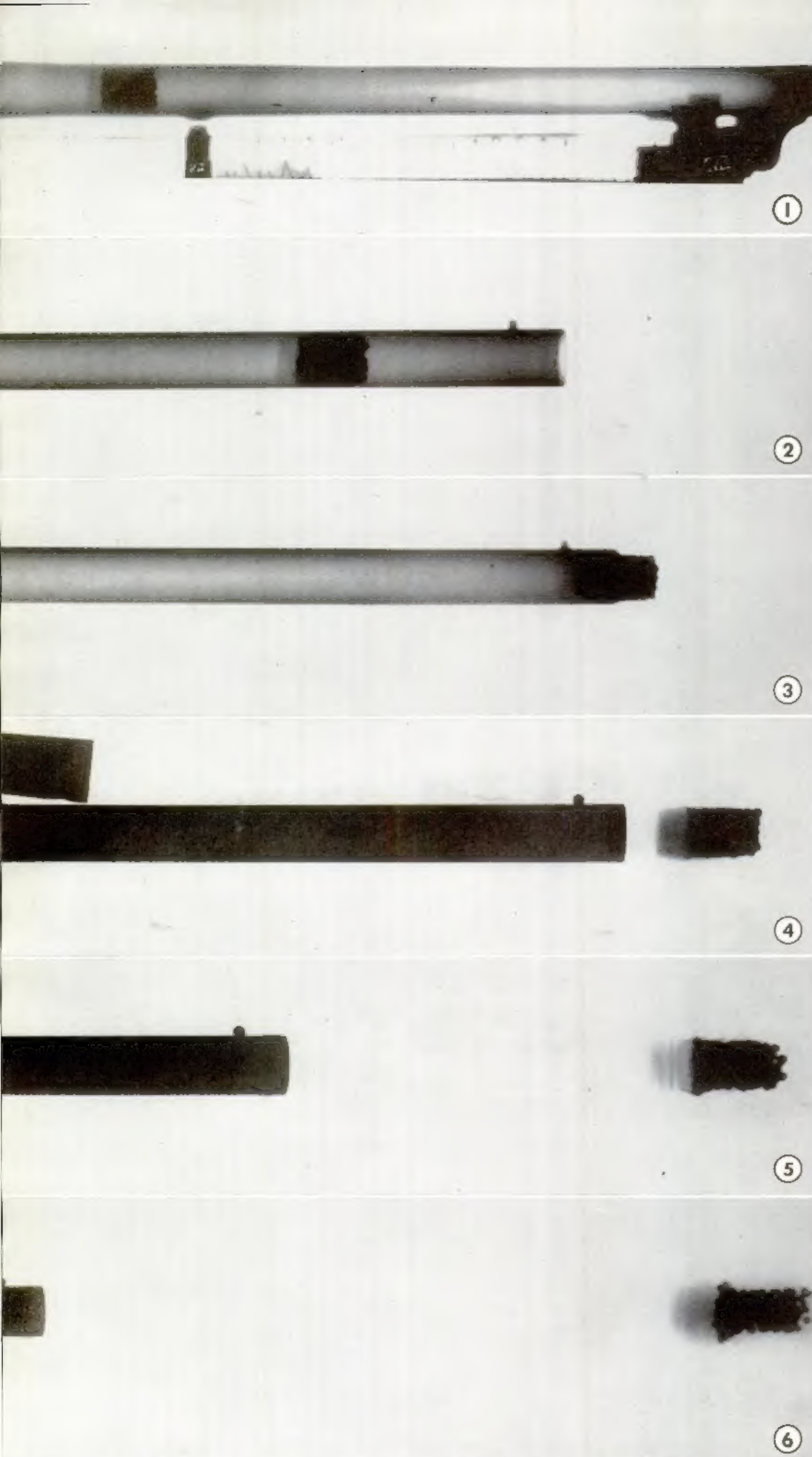
Copyright, 1940, California Fruit Growers Exchange



CALIFORNIA

Sunkist Lemons

Hear "Buddy Bopper's Hollywood"—Many CBS Stations—6:15 PM, EST—Mon., Wed., Fri.



Shot inside gun barrel, traveling from the chamber to muzzle, is shown for first time in these X-ray pictures. Pictures are interest-

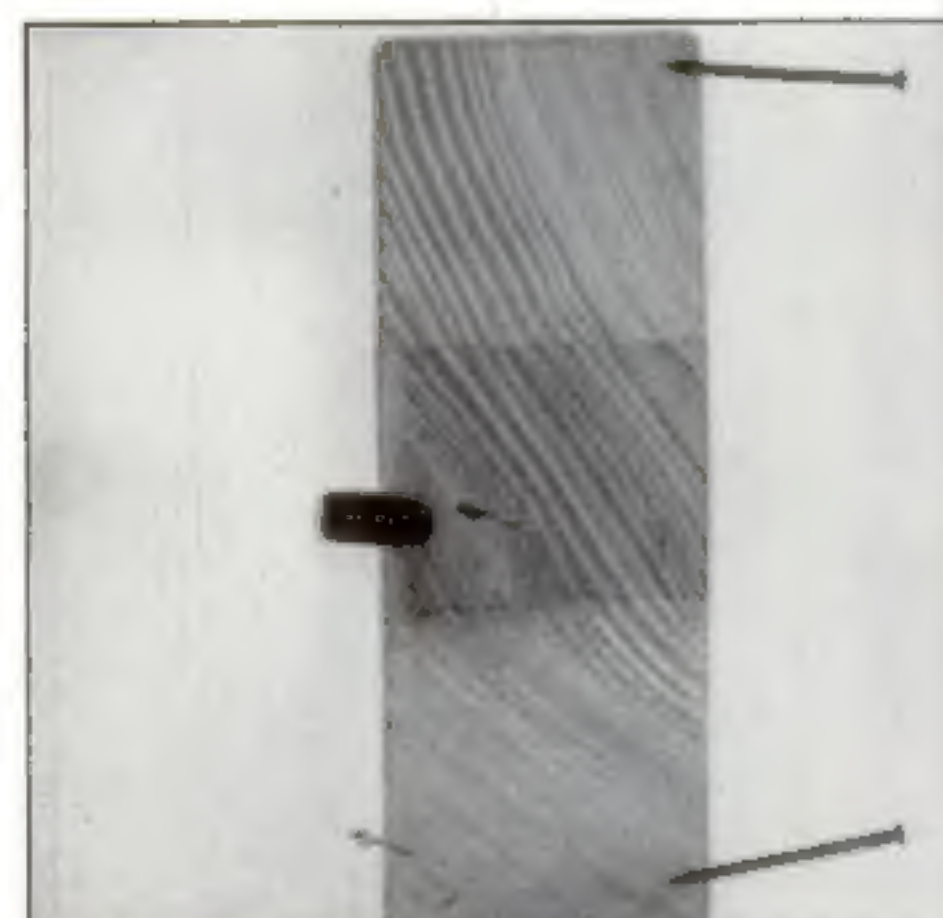
ing to ballisticians because they show also the shot pattern beyond end of muzzle, where the powder smoke has always obscured it.



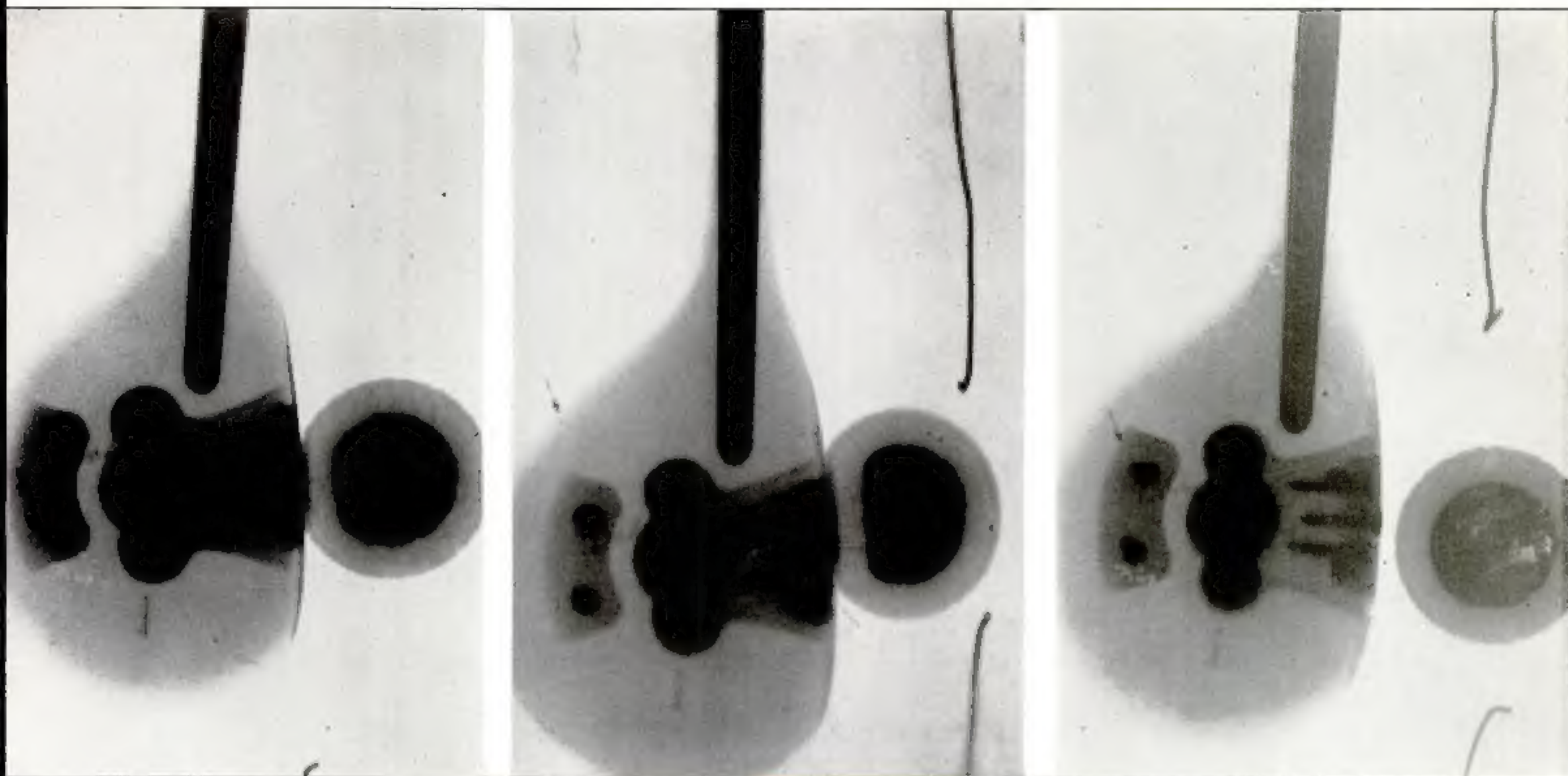
Golf club is shown at the instant of impact against ball. Note metal parts of the club and rubber core of ball.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

*ULTRA-HIGH-SPEED
X-RAYS PHOTOGRAPH
INVISIBLE ACTION*



The impact of a bullet, at first moment of penetration, is shown in this ultra-high-speed X-ray photograph.



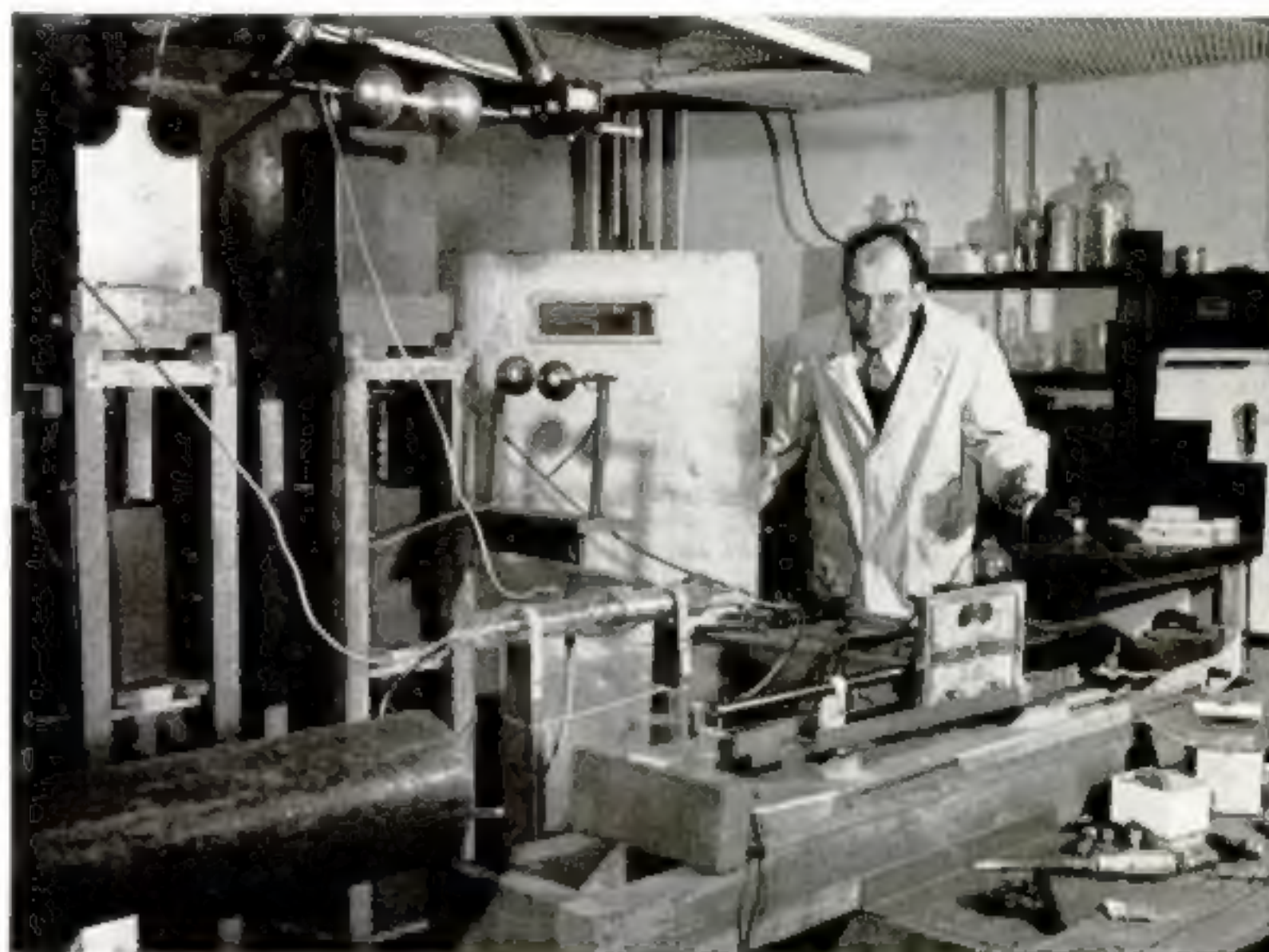
Ball is compressed by impact of club. These are not motion pictures but still sequence made up from several strokes.

At full compression ball and core are flattened against club face. The wire at right is the timing device that sets off X-ray discharge.

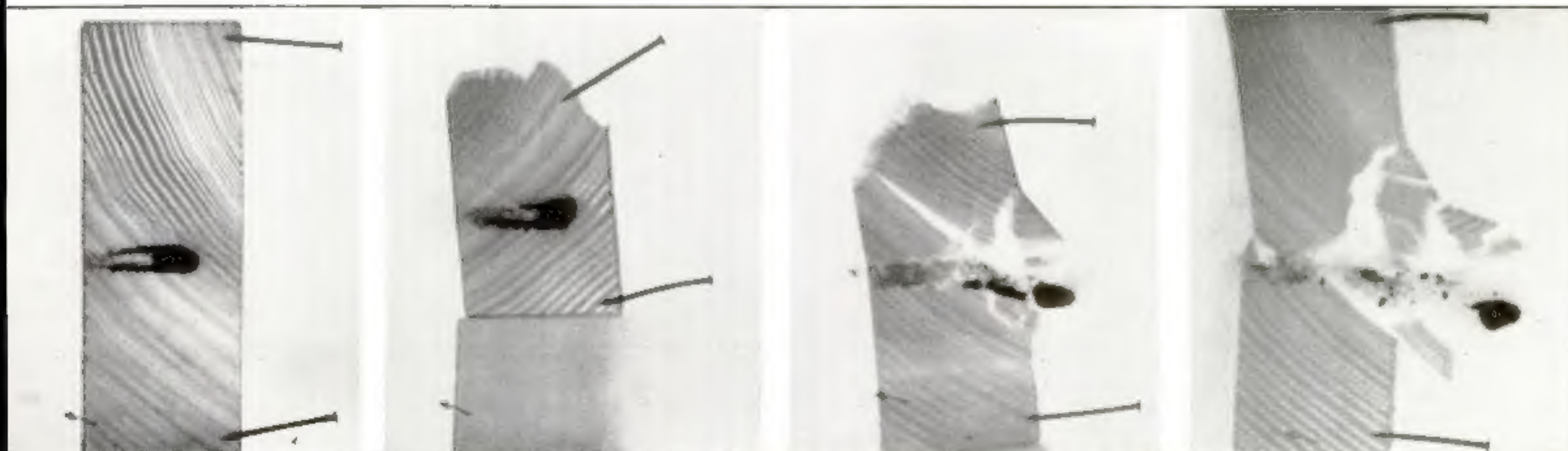
Ball rebounds from face of the club and starts traveling. Careful measurements may reveal stresses and strains within the club head.

The X-ray photographs on these pages show the inside, invisible action of things stopped cold at $1/1,000,000$ th of a second. The first pictures taken by an ultra-high-speed X-ray tube now under development at the Westinghouse Laboratories in Bloomfield, N. J., they do for X-ray pictures what the Edgerton system accomplished for ordinary, visible light photography. These pictures represent only the preliminary research of Inventor Charles M. Slack (right) into the prowess of his tube. But among other things they show for the first time how shot travels down and out of the barrel of a shotgun (left), how a bullet rips into and through a block of wood (below). For ballisticians, ultra-high-speed X-rays have already proved interesting enough to bring collaboration of Remington Arms Co. in the taking of the pictures shown here. With further experiment they promise to be equally useful for exploring internal dynamics in all other fields, from aeronautical engineering to medical research.

The extent to which X-rays penetrate various kinds of substances and various thicknesses of the same substance depends on the volume of X-rays that can be turned on them. Ordinary X-ray pictures are taken by long exposure to rays generated by high voltage and low amperage current. With the flow of current stepped up from one-half to 2,000 amperes, the new tube can discharge an equal volume of X-rays in a microfraction of a single second. With the development of tubes that can take further increases in voltage and amperage, high-speed X-ray pictures, and possibly X-ray motion pictures, may be taken of internal stresses and strains in fast-moving parts of heavy machinery.



DR. C. M. SLACK AT WESTINGHOUSE LABORATORY TAKES X-RAY PICTURE OF A SHOTGUN



Bullet hole is here shown quickly closing behind bullet as it ploughs through wood.

Bullet is deflected slightly upward by grain of the wood. Bullet is .22 cal.; wood is hard ash.

Bullet breaks through. Black trace in hole behind bullet shows lead is rubbed off by friction.

Wood is shattered as bullet emerges. Bullet itself partly disintegrates into dust and fragments.

"And there sat Santa Claus ...fast asleep!"

1. It took some arguing, but we finally persuaded Uncle Joe to play Santa Claus at the children's Christmas party. This was a good joke, we thought, for Uncle Joe, while rich, was a tight-fisted old grouch who had never been caught giving anything to anybody.



2. We got him a Santa Claus suit, and gave him the children's toys. He promised to show up at our house around 8 o'clock Christmas Eve. Came 8 o'clock, and no sign of Santa Claus. Came 8:30, and still no Santa Claus!



3. I hustled around to Uncle Joe's and found him sound asleep in a chair. When I shook him awake, he was all apologies. "Drank coffee at dinner last night," he explained, adjusting his false whiskers. "Didn't sleep a wink!"



4. "Tired and sleepy all day!" he grumbled. "Finally went to sleep in my chair. Shouldn't touch coffee, but often I can't resist!" "Try Sanka Coffee," I urged. "It's 97% caffeine-free, and can't keep you awake!"



5. "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffeine effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.'" "They ought to know!" said Uncle Joe. "I'll try it!"



6. After his Santa Claus act, we served him Sanka Coffee. "Delicious!" said Uncle Joe. "Hope I sleep!" Of course, he did...and Christmas Day he bounced in, yelling "Merry Christmas!", and handing out checks that made him a real Santa Claus!



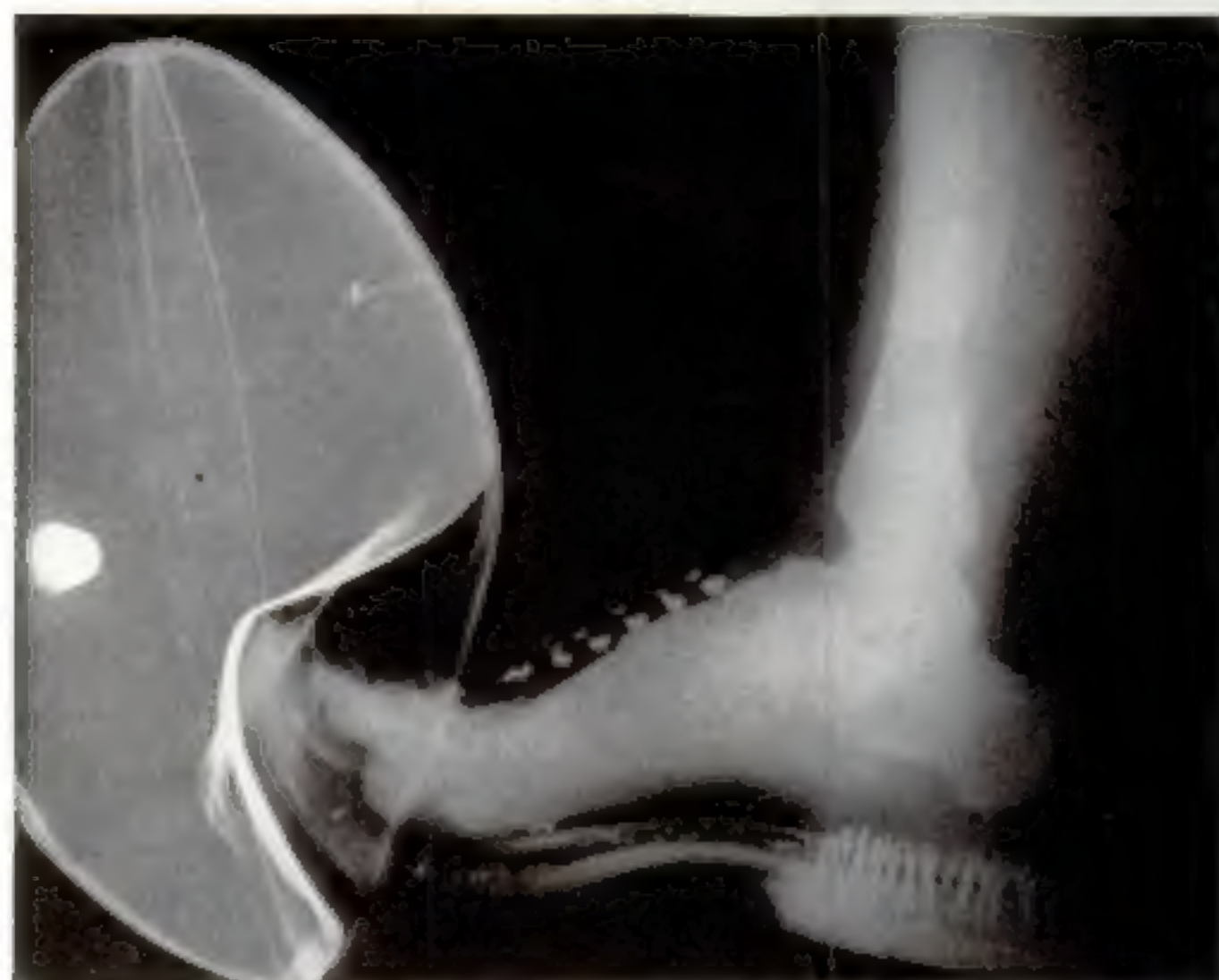
SANKA COFFEE
REAL COFFEE... 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

TUNE IN... "WE, THE PEOPLE"—Laughs, thrills, drama, pathos, as real people tell true experiences! Tuesday evening—Columbia Network. See your local paper for time and station.

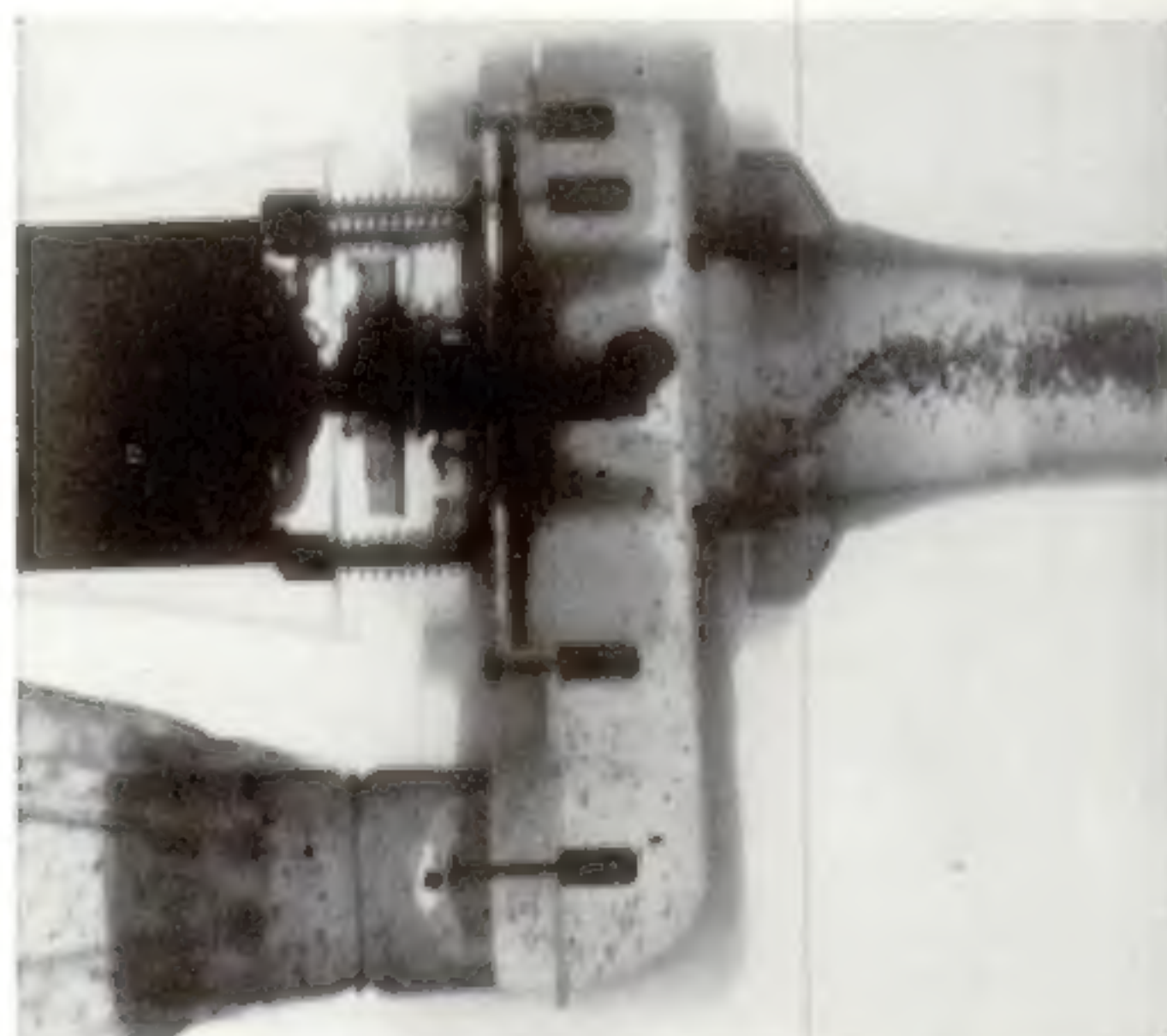
Copyright, 1940, General Foods Corp.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



Ultra-high-speed X-ray picture at moment of kick shows football sagging inward. Of interest to anatomists is detail of bones in foot. Note also metal parts of shoe.



Lead dust in vacuum cleaner shows up in this X-ray picture. To get detail of action in moving parts of the motor (upper left), a higher-power tube must be developed.



Bullet shatters bone along vertical lines of its structure. The bullet (lower left) also disintegrates under the impact. Emerging from top of bone is soft core of marrow.

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LIFE'S COVER. Here you see Freddy Bradlee and Halldis Prince taxiing away from the first big cocktail party of New York's Christmas season. Throughout the land this week, millions of young people will be enjoying the year's busiest party time. Some may get high; others, like Freddy and Halldis, may be able to enjoy a cocktail party still sober. Halldis is a blonde Bostonian who made good in Manhattan as a model. Freddy was born in New York, reared in Boston, went to Harvard, is now an actor. For the party they went to, see pages 68-71.

LIFE'S PICTURES



Gabriel Benzur is among the newest of LIFE's photographers. Born 27 years ago in Austria-Hungary, he was moved to the U. S. when he was 6 months old, has lived in White Plains, N. Y. ever since. After graduating from high school, Benzur picked up photography and darkroom work by himself, then worked as a darkroom assistant for International News Photos. Three years ago he came to LIFE as a photo-technician. Since then he has spent all his spare time studying photography and begging to be allowed to do a LIFE assignment. Finally LIFE let him try a local job, liked his work, gave him more ambitious assignments like photographing the recreation activities of soldiers at Fort Benning (see p. 55 et seq.). Now Benzur is in Atlanta, attached as photographer to LIFE's Atlanta Bureau.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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4—Courtesy WESTINGHOUSE
5—ALICE HEDEL
6—GEORGE RODGER
7—THE LONDON DAILY MIRROR—W. W.
8—INT.—GEORGE RODGER—GEORGE RODGER
9—GEORGE RODGER—GEORGE RODGER, THE LONDON DAILY MIRROR
10—THE LONDON DAILY MIRROR
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12—INT.
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ABBREVIATIONS: BOT., BOTTOM; CEN., CENTER; EXC., EXCEPT; LT., LEFT; ST., RIGHT; A. P., ASSOCIATED PRESS; B. S., BLACK STAR; EUR., EUROPEAN; INT., INTERNATIONAL; M-G-M, METRO-GOLDWIN-MAYER; W. W., WIDE WORLD



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1. When Pop came home with a turkey for ordinary Sunday dinner, Mom's eyes nearly dropped in her lap. Pop spoke up fast. "If you knew what I know," he said, "you'd have bought it, too! It's *guaranteed* the finest turkey we'll ever taste . . . or I get my money back!"

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5. She surrounded that gorgeous Birds Eye Turkey with *real Birds Eye fixin's* . . . tender shoots of Broccoli . . . and golden, *garden-fresh* cut corn! She compared prices and found she *saved* money the Birds Eye way! So it's another *guaranteed* Birds Eye Turkey dinner for Christmas! (And a Merry Birds Eye Christmas to you, too!)

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Order Your Birds Eye Christmas and New Year's Turkeys NOW!

**AND HERE ARE A FEW OF THE MANY
BIRDS EYE FIXIN'S:**

Tender, all-green Asparagus Tips • Luscious Strawberries
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UNION JACK STILL FLIES THROUGH THE RED GLARE OF BOMBED COVENTRY. IT HANGS ON MARTINS BANK ON HIGH STREET WHICH WAS HIT THROUGH THE ROOF

GERMANY'S BOMBING OF COVENTRY: "WE'RE RUINED BUT WE'RE NOT BEATEN"

Adolf Hitler's Christmas presents to America are the pictures on this and the following pages. Just arrived in the U. S., they show what was done to the humming English city of Coventry on one dreadful moonlit night by 500 German bombers and 1,100,000 lb. of German bombs. Hitler's declared intention was to destroy Coventry utterly, in the islandhold reprisal for a British bombing of Munich. Out of the east Nov. 14 the bombers came, wave on wave. When one German observer looked back on his way home, he saw "a mid-high fiery cloud shining red in the sky in the brightness of the moon-drenched night." That was Coventry burning.

More than a million pounds of bombs are a lot of bombs. They smashed

parts of Coventry as flat as Warsaw or Rotterdam or Dunkirk. "It's worse than Dunkirk," said a British soldier who saw both. Bombs in the ruins were so burned that even their metal identity discs were melted. Bricks crumbled like chalk. Firemen concentrated on the vital buildings of the great aircraft and machine-tool factories of Coventry, got most of these fires out quickly. Around one humble home a pitiful group of small children worked a small hand pump on their father's house. Coventry's gas, electricity and water were cut off, but most of its arms plants were working next day. Coventry lost 300 citizens but one survivor shouted at the King when His Majesty arrived the next day to inspect the debris, "We're ruined but we're not beaten."

THE RUINS OF COVENTRY



THE UNDAUNTED PEOPLE OF COVENTRY STREAM PAST THE RUINS OF HIGH STREET TOWARD THE TOWER (RIGHT) OF THE CITY HALL WHOSE CLOCK IS STILL WORKING, THOUGH



Pre-bombing picture of the heart of Coventry at the corner of Hertford and High Streets. In foreground foreground is Lloyd's Bank facing Martins Bank. In the

distance is the spire of Trinity Church where William Stevenson and Sarah Kenble were once married. Notice Tudor style of houses at left. For contrast see right.



After the bombing, the scene shown at left looked like this. Trinity Church core still stands. But all the buildings in the center along the line of Hertford Street and Broadgate have been leveled. Only the unsup-



THE CITY HALL WAS DIRECTLY HIT BY A BOMB



porced grade of the Tudor corner house in the left background remains. But notice that Marton Bank at the extreme right has only lost its roof blown off and is still flying a British flag.



Continuation of disaster down Broadgate—see at bottom of opposite page—shows where incendiary fire on the night of Nov. 14 started to follow waves of German bombers.

Crossed by the British is name of dry-goods store still standing in center. At the left is the famous dry store of Montague Barton's chain store for a long time, 1810, clothes.



Essence of Coventrizing is shown in this litter of rubble that once was a respectable street of houses. But notice the unbroken row of chimney pots in the center of street.

German's night bombing, generally at our tolerable height, left many large areas of Coventry totally uninhabited, but a few areas of the early 19th century from men's houses and a



Mrs. Gwendoline Scott, mother of two and the wife of an automobile worker in one of Coventry's great industrial plants, prays hopefully in the ruin of a home and garage

for her children's dolls. The children had just become attached to two favorite dolls, but they were taken back, and Mrs. Scott feels only tears. Notice Scott's car at right.



Battle cry of Coventry stands ever more true. The Trinity Church, one of the few that "Three Spires of Coventry" Much does it feel. Coventry is the heart of England, a city which grew out of its walls. Looking at the



Demolition of smashed and gutted buildings never smoothly and rapidly. The houses were mostly built in Coventry by a man who had used a great deal of money in the surrounding country. The house is reported to have on the day of the fire, the



Grim lettering on the city hall says: "Enquiries received as to the deaths on first floor." The sight of the mangled and charred remains of the Coventry dead was so depressing that the mayor stopped guests of relatives from trying to identify the bodies.



Peeping Tom, which used to stand on the King's Head Hotel, was hurled by a bomb to the ground by blasts. This is a copy of the tailor who according to legend was struck blind when he peeped at Lady Godiva (Goddess), riding naked, to get lower taxes for people.



A Gothic shell is all that remains of Coventry's famed St Michael's Cathedral, whose spire from which this picture was taken was built in 14th Century. During bombing

four men on the roof commanded by the Provost, Reverend Richard T. Howard, desperately fought incendiary bombs, put out ten of them before the roof caught. They raced down to

stays through shower of molten lead, seared Cross, candles sticks and chairs, said the Provost. "This is the work of a Godless man. But that spire is the symbol of Coventry."

LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Lothian makes last plea and Hitler threatens to lick the world as Knudsen rallies U.S. for defense

In London last week it was said that Lord Lothian's death meant as much to Britain at war as the loss of a battleship, or two Army divisions. Given one of the world's most delicate jobs—that of winning the maximum help from America without seeming to drag America into war—Lord Lothian early decided on a policy of plain talking. Because he never disguised his purpose but always respected American feelings and interests, he was listened to and believed.

Five hours before he died of uremic poisoning, attended only by a Christian Science "healer," the Ambassador sent a speech to be read at Baltimore. In it he said that the issue of the war "now depends

largely" on America's decision as to the part it will play. England alone cannot be sure of the result; the British Navy is "strung out terribly thin." Hitler is gathering all his strength for "a knockout blow" against England, some time in 1941. "If the ramparts fall," the Ambassador said, "the war will inevitably cross the ocean and roll up against your shores."



LOTHIAN

and roll up against your shores."

Laval Out. Pierre Laval, Vice Premier of France and friend of Mussolini, fell last week with a crash as resounding as that of Mussolini's armies. Laval's job had been to wheedle easy terms for France from Mussolini. In about 70 short words Premier Marshal Pétain told his people Laval was through, replaced him as Foreign Minister with Pierre-Étienne Flandin, who admires all Nordic peoples, both German and English. Undoubtedly, the victories for freedom in Albania and Egypt last week burst on the French as an indication that perhaps France had surrendered a little too soon.

Two Worlds. Standing under the muzzles of anti-aircraft guns in a Berlin factory, Hitler made another speech last week. Frankly bracketing the Americans with the British and French as the pre-war "haves," Hitler declared that his world "can never be reconciled with this other world." "They have the gold. Our gold was robbed and squeezed out of us. . . . Two worlds are in conflict, two philosophies of life. . . . Our capacity for work is our gold, our capital, and with it we shall defeat the entire world. . . . I believe one of these worlds must crack up." Boiled down, Hitler's economic plan was almost precisely the same as Napoleon's "continental system" of a century and a quarter ago. Hitler like Napoleon proposes "self-sufficiency" for the continent of Europe, by means of work. He considers as the enemy the whole world system of exchange, of trade and credit and rising standards of living for the peoples of all the world.



HITLER SPEAKING IN GUN FACTORY

Hitler refers to this merely as the "gold standard." However, with a propaganda instinct that showed his real ability, he then proceeded barefacedly to sell the Germans 100% Americanism, the idea that all Germans have equality of opportunity, that in Nazi Germany "birth means nothing, achievement means everything."

Italians Pass Buck. As the news of Italian reverses in the field poured in, Italy put on a sorry spectacle of yowling, weaseling and buck-passing. Friends of the official scapegoat, General Badoglio, spread the word that both German and Italian generals had advised Mussolini against the frontal attack on Greece, that Badoglio was taking the rap for the Fascist Army hotheads who really botched the job. Roberto Farinacci, secretary of the Fascist Party, cracked back with: "A certain person to whose interest it would be to keep quiet is going about the drawing rooms, game preserves and clubs of his beneficiaries proclaiming that he did not want the undertaking [in Greece]. This person undertook to conclude the action with



BADOGLIO

read the Swiss papers to get British news: "These are the prophets of disaster, the professional alarmists, the convinced pessimists, the empty brains and sour stomachs. . . . The time has come for some beatings-up."

The virtues of defeat were extolled at length. Gayda mentioned the forbidden word "Caporetto" to point out that after that disgraceful rout in 1917 the Italians defeated the Austrians at Vittorio Veneto. *Lavoro Fascista* went even further: "Only difficult wars are decisive. Therefore Italians should love this war"

Last week, from the one man who could give it with complete credibility, America got the answer to its biggest question. The man: William S. Knudsen, production chief of the National Defense Advisory Commission. The question: how is the defense program going? The answer: badly.

On Dec. 13, seven months after President Roosevelt had called for a fleet of 50,000 airplanes, the *New York Times* reported that U. S. manufacturers will this month deliver to the U. S. Army only about 50 combat planes.

Next day, with a big U. S. flag and a carnation stuck in the lapel of his tailcoat, big, tough, Danish-born Bill Knudsen got up before the National Association of Manufacturers convention in New York to round out the picture. As a report on the state of the Nation, his speech outranked in importance many a Presidential message to Congress.

First off, to the assembled industrialists, he stated the gigantic problem. In addition to its normal industrial production, this is what the U. S. is now attempting to produce for itself and Britain: "50,000 airplanes, 150,000 engines, 17,000 heavy guns, 25,000 light guns, 13,000 trench mortars, 33,000,000 shells loaded, 9,200 tanks, 300,000 machine guns and ammunition, 400,000 automatic rifles and ammunition, 1,300,000 regular rifles and ammunition, 380 Navy ships, 200 mercantile ships, 210 camps and cantonments, 40 government factories, clothing and other equipment for 1,200,000 men." After this roll call, Commissioner Knudsen's statement that this order, requiring 18 billion man-hours of work to fill, constitutes "the greatest production problem of any country in modern times" seemed almost an under-statement.

"The initial obstacles," reported Mr. Knudsen, "have been cleared away. . . . The orders are more than 85% placed and we have arrived at the second stage of the problem. What can I then consistently ask for now?"

"The man in the street is for defense 100%. . . . But have the two most important elements, industry and labor, been fully sold on the serious side of the job? . . . Friday night has become the big night in most of our industrial picture. It used to be Saturday night—we have cut 20% off our machine time.

Can we afford to do this? Can't we stop this black-out, this lack of production from Friday to Monday, and get more out of the equipment? We can train the men to operate it. Isn't it possible to put the defense job on a war basis, even if we are at peace? . . .

"The aircraft industry is still in the expanding stage. . . . Production is far from satisfactory. . . . The engine companies need equipment. . . . Frankly, we are not doing anything compared to the forecast by the manufacturers and the Commission in July, and our hoped-for production figures for Jan. 1, 1941, of 1,000 planes per month, have to be scaled down by 30% to be correct.

"Guns and machine guns are still in the tooling stage. . . . Light tanks are being produced now at the rate of four per day.

"We all seem to be worrying about how we are going to divide the profits. . . . The only way to get this program going is to get a concerted effort and a co-operative effort—an incentive fired with the spirit of sacrifice from everybody from the bench to the manager's desk. If we can accomplish this, our program is finished. . . .

"Give us speed and more speed. Full-time operations of all machines. Talk to your men—make them feel that it is their responsibility as well as yours. Ask them what they think of a civilization that drives women and children to live in cold and wet holes in the ground. . . .

"I have not tried to paint the big in this talk. I have tried to make it clear to you that I consider the defense effort to date not satisfactory enough to warrant hopes that everything is all well. Maybe I haven't made it strong enough.

"I am going to ask you to forget the delivery schedule and give us whatever you can in the way of advanced deliveries. I would not be surprised if they could be advanced 20%.

"The first half of 1941 is crucial."

From the cruiser *Tuscaloosa*, readying to bring the President home from the sea, came no word of comment on the Knudsen speech. But if ever a man got a cue, Franklin Roosevelt had now received his to act once more as he acted in his great first Hundred Days of 1933.



Big Bill Knudsen challenges the nation's
manufacturers to speed up arms production



NEON-LIGHTED SANTA CLAUS BEAMS FROM THE 310-FT. TOWER OF DANIELS & FISHER STORE

FORGETTING WAR AND STRINGING HOLLY, U.S. SPENDS TO MAKE CHRISTMAS JOLLY

With their peculiar aptitude for invention and escape, Americans prepared for Christmas last week in a manner that reflected no hint of anything but peace, prosperity and goodwill. The face of the country was bright, busy and bedecked with the seasonal splendors of stars and holly. Everywhere stores hailed all-time highs in volume of Christmas trade. People were buying enthusiastically, reducing inventories long before schedule. And they were buying big, expensive things like automobiles, refrigerators, radios. Detroit reported that 400,000 new cars had passed from factories to owners in November alone.

But discerning observers noted a mood that contrasted significantly with Christmases of other years. Christmastide of 1940, though gay, bore with it little of the sweet old remembrance of things past, little of the fragrance of evergreens, candles, carols, still snows and silent films. It brought instead a hectic flush. Streamlined, mass-produced mechanical Santas of identical image grinned and nodded in department-store windows from coast to coast. Animate Santa Clauses gugged with girls and airplanes. Decorators did tricks with electricity and plastics. Comic-strip characters and bathing beauties intruded on a show once dominated by the Magi and the Virgin Mary. Phonograph owners flocked to buy a recording of *Silent Night* and *Adeste Fideles* crooned by Bing Crosby. California vintners reported a boom in domestic wine sales. And a New York department store which features a \$6.95 shirt for Christmas woven of cloth of gold, caused Columnist Lucia Beebe to remark sourly that "the silk-shirts-for-workingmen era is again at hand."

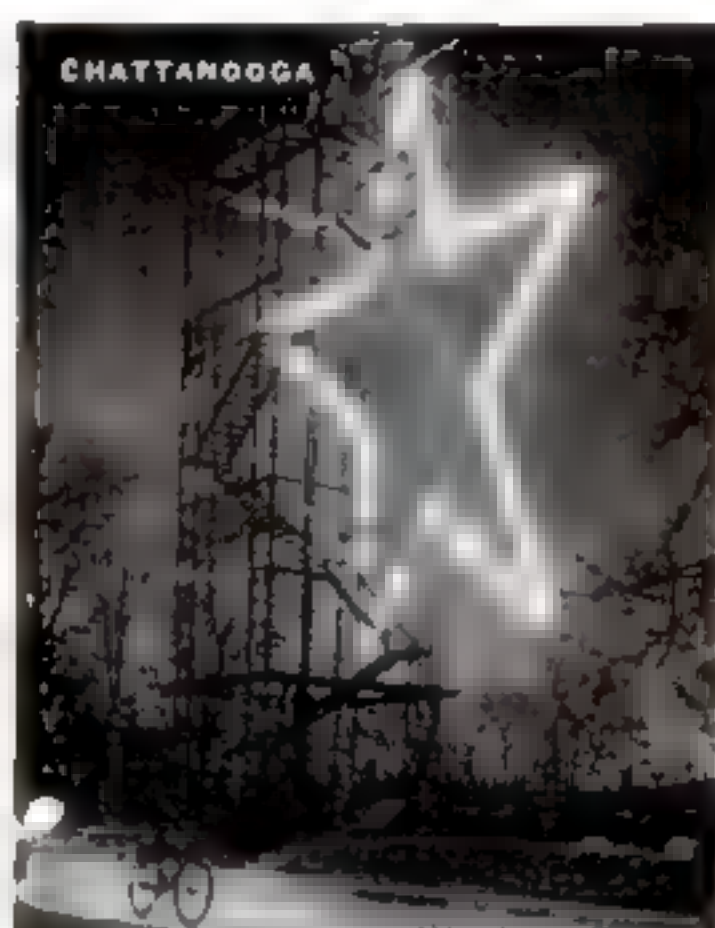
This strange new 1940 mood was not hard to explain. For a nation that has lived on its nerves for 15 months, the solace and serenity of other seasons was past recall. Only in excitement, in spending, could America forget Coventry, Birmingham and Adolf Hitler. And America had money to spend. Jesse Jones, Secretary of Commerce, announced that factory payrolls were the highest since 1929. Americans were spending because few could foresee any future surety for which to save. And 1940's Christmas was here and now and might at least be merry.



TREE IN LIGHTS DECKS LOCAL STORE



SANTA RIDES WORLD'S 2ND BIGGEST SIGN



52-FT. STAR TOPS MISSIONARY RIDGE



WINDOWS FORM PALMLIVE BLDG. STAR



LIGHTS, CANDLES, EVERGREEN DECORATE FOURTH ST.



ELECTRIC POWER CO. LIGHTS UP FOR CHRISTMAS



GARLANDS OF LIGHTS BLAZE OVERHEAD ON WALNUT ST.



CHICAGO
CROWDS SHOP IN 5°-BELOW COLD SNAP



DALLAS
25,000 MUMS MAKE CHRISTMAS TREE



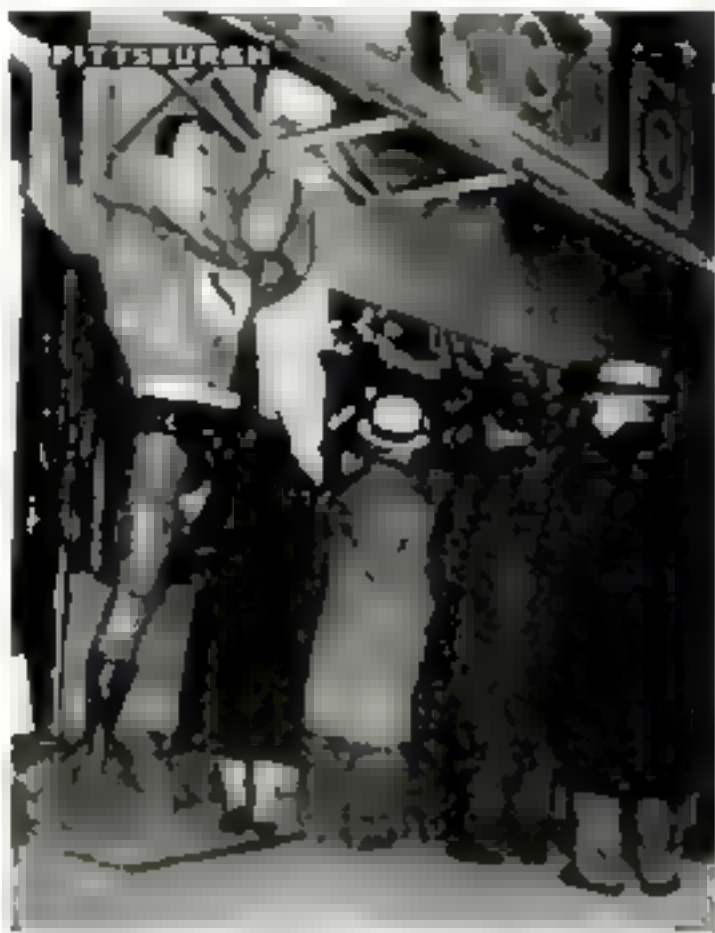
LOS ANGELES
"GODDESS" TURNS ON CHRISTMAS LIGHTS



TUCSON
GIRLS DECK CACTUS CHRISTMAS TREE



VAN, TEXAS
OIL-FIELD KIDS TRIM "CHRISTMAS TREE"



PITTSBURGH
SUPERMAN STEALS SANTA'S SHOW



CHICAGO
SANTA IS MADE OF MONTH'S NEWSPAPERS



HOUSTON
SANTA HANDS OUT DOLLS, SELLS COFFEE



PROVIDENCE
ARTIST SPRAYS SHELLAC ON VIRGIN



NEW YORK CITY
32-FT. TREE LIGHTS ROCKEFELLER PLAZA



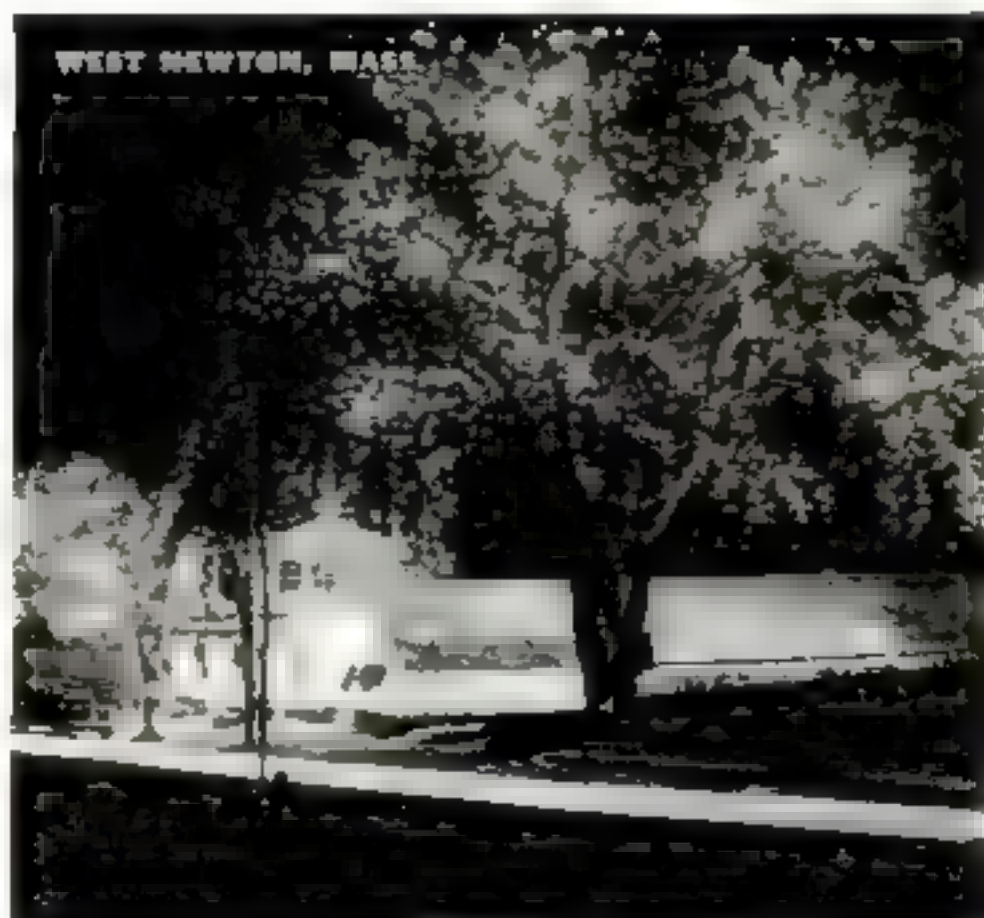
CHICAGO
RELIEF SANTAS SOAK FEET AT DAY'S END



PALM SPRINGS
SWIMMING SANTA GETS SUBMARINE KISS



MIAMI BEACH
SULTRY SANTA HANGS HIS PRIZE PACKAGES ON A TREE



WEST NEWTON, MASS.
1,500 BLUE BULBS LIGHT TREE IN FRONT OF RESIDENCE



LOUISVILLE
WRESTLER PLAYING SANTA GETS TOSSED FROM RING



Britain's campaign in the Mediterranean Basin is based on Egypt, headquarters of General Wavell. From Alexandria and now Crete, the Navy and the Air Force operate against

Italian supply lines to Libya and Albania, attempting to cut Italian armies off while British and Greek troops roll them up. The Dodecanese Islands are effectively isolated.

The Italian Fleet is apparently in Taranto, Cagliari and other harbors. Three possible German thrusts are shown. A fourth would be the German occupation of Italy itself.

BRITAIN TRIES TO KNOCK ITALY OUT FLEET CUTS SUPPLY LINES AS ARMIES GET ITALIANS ON RUN

by MAJOR GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

Events of last week in the Mediterranean Basin brought convincing evidence that Italy's invasion of Greece was one of the greatest strategic blunders of history. Not only did it bring about the first Axis defeat in land warfare, but by making the British a present of the key to the Eastern Mediterranean and Aegean Seas, the island of Crete, it set in motion a chain of events which have brought Italy's war effort and perhaps Italian Fascism itself to the brink of ruin.

The British moves followed with relentless logic. First they moved into Crete. Then on Nov. 12 the Fleet air arm struck swiftly at the Italian Fleet at its base at Taranto, putting part of it out of commission, and on Nov. 27 the British Fleet drove other Italian ships into port at Sardinia. Thus the British gained the advantage in the waters through which runs the supply line of the Italian army in Libya. The effects on the supply and morale situation of that army were so great that last week General Sir Archibald Wavell was able to attack it successfully with a numerical

inferiority of something like one to two and one half.

Thus in about seven weeks since the first Italian soldier crossed the Greek frontier, the Mediterranean situation has changed from one of grave anxiety for the British to one of real promise. If Britain can knock Italy out of the war, the advantages will be tremendous. The Mediterranean will be free to British shipping, with a huge saving over the haul around Cape of Good Hope to the Far East; the better part of the Mediterranean fleet will be released for duty in the Atlantic; the gain in British prestige may win her new allies; and the blockade will be clamped tight on the southern frontiers of Hitler's Europe.

THE BRITISH POSITION

Britain controls both of the narrow entrances to the Mediterranean, at Gibraltar and at the Suez Canal. Gibraltar is potentially vulnerable to land attack through Spain, but Suez is reasonably secure so long as Britain holds Egypt. Besides this, the British Navy now controls most of the Mediterranean itself. Only the Adriatic and Tyrrhenian Seas, on either side of Italy, can be claimed as Italian waters.

Sea control has special importance in the Mediterranean Basin because of one fact: neither on the African shore nor in any of the islands, large or small, is there industry sufficient to provide munitions for an army. A great part of the African shore, notably that held by Italy, is likewise deficient in food production and much of it is waterless. Many of the smaller islands also lack water supply. All operations involving these areas are therefore dependent on maritime communications. No European force can long maintain itself on the southern shore of the Mediterranean unless it can be supplied by sea from 1) Europe or 2) outside the Mediterranean.

In Egypt, his central stronghold, General Wavell commands an army of something like 100,000 well-seasoned, thoroughly trained troops, supported by an air force of perhaps 600-800 planes. The British

are steadily receiving more troops and supplies through the Mediterranean and Red Seas from England, India and Australia. Unless Egypt itself is lost, this supply line is probably secure from attack.

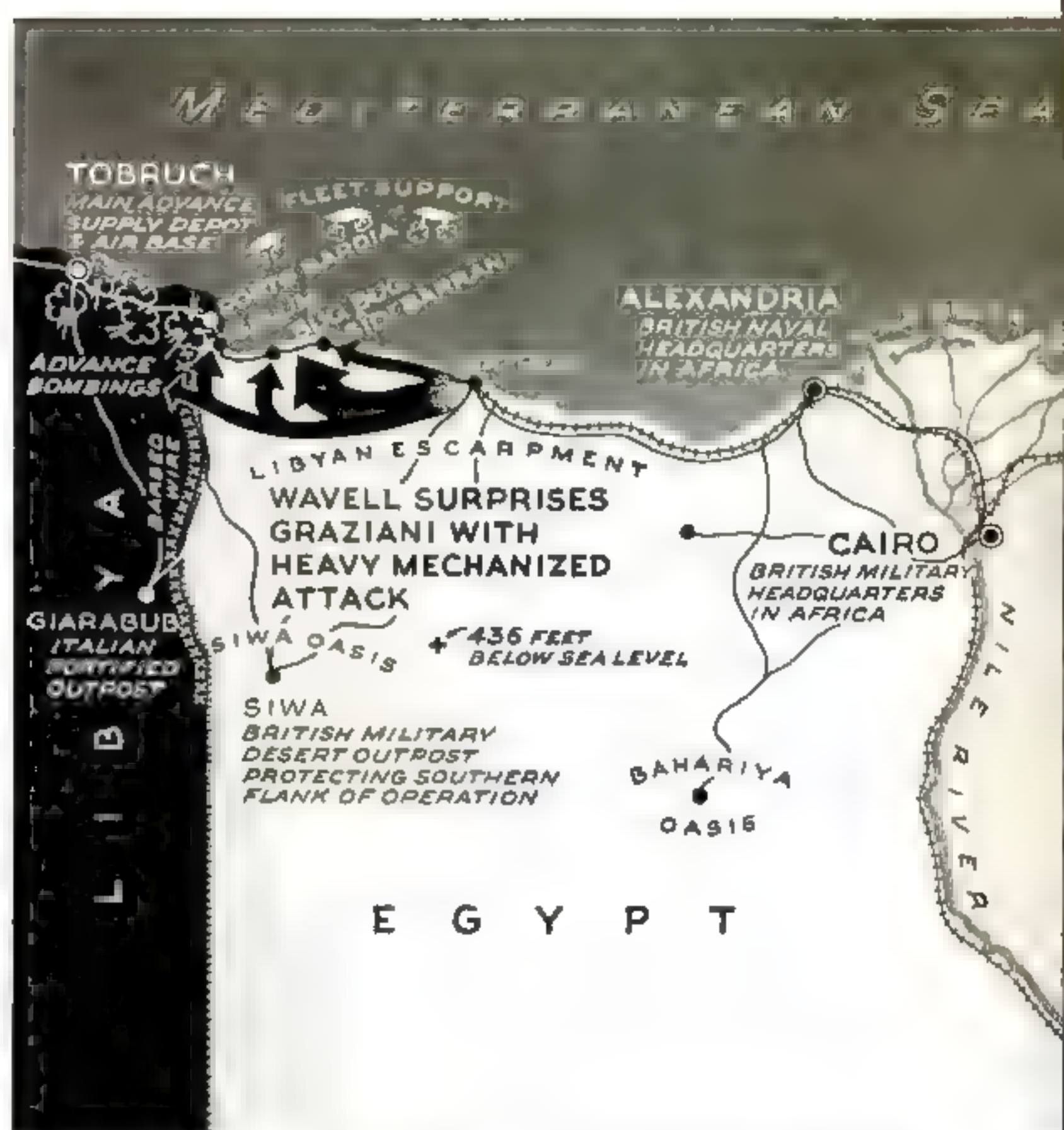
MARSHAL GRAZIANI'S DILEMMA

Italy's North African force, under Marshal Rodolfo Graziani, outnumbered the British in every category: troops, tanks, planes. Early in the fall he advanced 60 miles along the coast into the Egyptian desert, reaching Sidi Barrani. Since this position was subject to shelling by British warships offshore, Graziani spread his forces in small camps over an area extending 30 miles inland. There he presently found himself in a tough spot. His supply line from Italy to Libya was open to British raids and uncertain; from the moment the British occupied Crete it became almost useless. He was cut off, except by air, from his home base, in a desert land, without sufficient supplies to continue his offensive.

Last week General Wavell sent his second in command, Lieutenant General Henry Matland ("Jonah") Wilson, to cut off Graziani's advance force. Wilson moved secretly and swiftly along the edge of the high Libyan escarpment and across the desert, in one of the most successful surprise attacks of this or any war, and swooped down upon Graziani's cordon of "perimeter camps," opening a wide gap in the Italian defenses. Through this gap poured a powerful British armored force, striking northwest toward the sea at Buqbuq—about half way between Sidi Barrani and the Libyan frontier. Cut off, as were the armies of Flanders last spring by the German drive down the Somme, a whole Italian corps was thus captured or destroyed. The British armored forces continued the pursuit of the Italian remnants toward the Libyan frontier at Salûm, where the close approach of the Libyan escarpment to the sea confines the route of retreat to narrow passes. This increased not only the opportunities of the pursuing aircraft



The Albanian campaign of the Greeks had occupied about one-quarter of that country by Dec. 15. Three Italian armies, cut off from one another, were being driven back through mountain gorges. British bombed Valona, interrupting its usefulness as a supply port, and were attacking Durazzo.



The Libyan campaign started from Matruh, Dec. 9. Encircling Sidi Barrani, the British smashed through to the coast at Buqbuq, capturing in five days a reported 20,000 Italians. The retreating Italians were then bombed by planes and shelled from the sea.

but those of the British Fleet, which hammered effectively at the retreating Italians.

ITALIAN EAST AFRICA

On General Wavell's southern front, the Italian threat has considerably diminished. The Italians may once have planned a squeeze play on Egypt by striking simultaneously from Libya and from Italian East Africa. But the forces in Italian East Africa are in a worse fix than those in Libya. Completely isolated from Italy, they are cut off from all supplies, most importantly ammunition and gasoline. They have taken a few towns in the Sudan and may be saving their gasoline for a big drive but their chances of breaking through to Graziani's army are slim. If the Italians attack toward the Sudan, the Ethiopian tribes will rise against them—a fact which the British have prepared to exploit by stationing Haile Selassie at Khartoum just across the border.

THE GREEK FRONT

Italy's attack on Greece has proven ill-starred indeed. Apparently expecting no resistance, the Italians found instead that the Greeks and British were all set for joint action. As the Greeks drove back the Italians on land, British planes came to their support. Confined within narrow valleys which prevented any exploitation of numbers or mechanized equipment, outmatched in fighting spirit by the Greek infantry and in technique by the Greek mountain artillery, the Italian armies were flung out of Greece in record time. Last week the Greeks were thrusting into Albania with three main columns, striving to rout the Italians before re-inforcements landed at Durazzo could be brought into action. Here, as in Africa, the state of the Italian communications seemed going from bad to worse. Movement by road on southern Albania is chiefly confined to the river valleys, which run generally from southeast to northwest, with high mountains between. Across

the upper end of the valleys is the old Italian-French military road of 1918, now in full possession of the Greeks from Corizza to Porto Edda. The Italians thus lacked lateral communication and means of mutual support, between their columns: while the Greeks possessed such communications. Of the four rather small Albanian ports, one, Porto Edda, was in Greek hands; Valona had been badly smashed up and was menaced by two Greek columns: Durazzo, the best still available to the Italians, was receiving the concentrated attention of the R. A. F.; and the last, San Giovanni di Medua, was 100 miles away by mountain tracks, far in the north.

THE FRENCH FORCES

An uncertain factor in the Mediterranean situation is the French forces, inactive up to now but a potential ally to Britain. The French Army in Syria, composed largely of native troops, numbers 60-80,000. In Morocco and Algeria, where General Weygand is keeping his own counsel, there are 150,000 more. If Weygand has any thought of throwing the French forces in with Britain, the British and Greek victories must be a strong encouragement. General de Gaulle's Free French forces now control most of French Equatorial Africa and may extend their influence, although they are too far away to have much effect on the Mediterranean struggle.

THE ITALIAN FLIGHT

Italy's situation is desperate in three ways: military, economic and political. It has been at war since June and except for the occupation of British Somaliland, has had no military success. Its armies in East Africa and Libya are virtually isolated and the latter has just suffered a stunning defeat. Its army in Greece is in retreat and partially isolated. Its Navy is severely damaged with only three out of six battleships fit for action. The numerical superiority of its Air Force seems far out-

anced by its inferiority in quality of planes and pilots.

More important still is Italy's economic plight caused by the blockade. No country is more vulnerable in this respect. Italy produces almost no coal, oil or copper and less than half its peacetime needs in iron. Eighty percent of its normal imports are now cut off. Prices are reported up 40% in Italy and the Italian diet, which has not far to fall, is falling fast.

The military and economic plights combine to produce a political plight of first magnitude for the Fascist leaders. It may be that only German "help," meaning German overlordship, can pull them out of it.

WHAT CAN GERMANY DO?

Germany might intervene in any of three ways:

1) An attack on Gibraltar, launched through Spain. It would consist probably of a combined siege by land and air, with a fairly good chance of success. From Spanish bases, German planes might intervene to offset British control of the western Mediterranean.

2) An offensive down through the Balkans, aimed at Greece or the Dardanelles. Because of the steep mountains, the Germans would have a choice of two routes down the Vardar Valley through Yugoslavia, reaching the Aegean at Salonika, or through the Iron Gate, and down the Danube across Bulgaria to Istanbul. One obstacle to a German thrust at the Dardanelles, besides the intrinsic difficulty of a winter campaign in the Balkans, is the fact that it would gravely offend Russia, which considers the strait its vital interest. If the Germans attack Britain's ally, Turkey, they will also come up against not only the excellent Turkish Army of 22 divisions, but an extremely difficult terrain of mountain and desert, and ever lengthening lines of communication.

3) A move into Italy. If Italy seemed on the verge of surrender, the Germans might protect themselves by occupying the peninsula. The results of such an attempt are unpredictable.

THE AMAZING GREEKS WIN FREEDOM'S FIRST VICTORY



COMMANDER IN CHIEF PAPAGOS

Amazing was the word for the Greeks last week. Rated a helpless underdog, they had handed the invading army of Fascist Italy a defeat as shameful as those other Italian nightmares of Adowa, Caporetto and Guadalajara. After six weeks of war, they had not only repulsed the Italian invaders, captured 7,000 Italians, 200 guns, 250 cars, thousands of machine guns, many tanks and armored cars, but they had also conquered about a quarter of Italian Albania.

The Italian troops had raced joyously down a half-dozen parallel valleys into Greece. The Greeks took the high roads

along the ridges, broke the valley roads before and behind the Italians, then decimated them. The Italian stampede back along those gloomy valleys was an infinitely more difficult operation than the trip out. The Greek Army has several different chances to cut off great chunks of the Italian Army but it is wary of rushing too boldly into the coastal plain where the Italian mechanized troops can really operate. The Italian defeat proved the same military lesson as the Russian defeat in northern Finland, i.e., that columns can be beaten when they must advance along a few narrow tracks. The Greek victory also showed how completely the British Army muffed its chance against the German columns in Norway.

Credit for the Greek victory went to Premier General ("Little John") Metaxas (right) and aristocratic Commander in Chief General Alexander Papagos (above) who had trained the Greek troops in mountain fighting.



High Command: (from left) Premier General Metaxas, Crown Prince Paul (accused of pro-Germanism because his wife is Kaiser's grand-daughter), King George II, General Papagos



On declaration of war, the young men of Athens riot with blue-and-white flag of Greece. Having lost their last war (against Turkey), they had been long resolved to win the next.

The king presently told them "Greeks today are not unworthy of their ancestors." To insatiable demands for victories, Army advised them, "We cannot have victories every day."



Greek officers, whose uniforms show French influence, feverishly rehearse organization of mountain warfare maneuvers held in the rolling hills of eastern Greece just before the Italian invasion.



Greek first-line troops wearing Italian-type helmets dig trench, while correspondents (top, left) watch. But the only other Italian material Greeks use are Fiat Pavesi tractors for the artillery.



French mountain gun, an old 8-inch, is camouflaged with bush. Greeks use mostly French materiel, light and heavy machine guns and artillery, now no longer obtainable from conquered France.



Military trucks cross one of the winding rivers that criss-cross northern Greece. Mule transport and cavalry, however, are much more useful for this mountain work, are used by both sides.



An advance is staged by a Greek platoon, moving forward in four parallel sections, supposedly under enemy artillery fire.

Nearest group is a light machine-gun section which distributes burden of gun, tripod and ammunition boxes. Some wear British

helmets. The Greek Army totals 14 divisions, ten equipped. For the captured Italian guns, it has no reserve ammunition.



The Duke of Windsor sets foot on U. S. soil for the first time in 16 years. He wore two-toned oxfords, no vest. Yacht which brought him was *Southern Cross*, rescuer of *Athenia* survivors.



The Duchess of Windsor sets foot on her native land for the first time in almost seven years. She wore opera pumps, a big flamango pin. Aching tooth was on the right side of her face.

THE WINDSORS ONCE AGAIN SET FOOT IN AMERICA



DR. HORACE L. CARTEE

Accompanied by a Scotland Yard man, two servants and an aide-de-camp named Vivian Drury, the Duke of Windsor and his Duchess disembarked on Dec. 10 at Miami, Fla. It was four years to the day since the Duke had abdicated to marry Wallis Simpson. This time he left his post as Governor General of the Bahamas to take his American Duchess to Miami so that Dr. Horace L. Cartee could extract her partially infected lower right molar. Three Florida mayors and a crowd of 10,000 Americans were at the docks to greet them. The Duke beamed, then said: "It's pretty tough on the Duchess."

The operation, which involved scraping the jawbone, took 25 minutes. The Duchess was given veropropate gas and reacted well and her temperature never went above 99.4°. The Duke and party made her hospital their hotel, the Duke while the time away by doing errands, buying flowers for his wife and visiting Fred Sato Jr. in his iron lung. No press camera recorded this first meeting between these two much-photographed celebrities.

A Navy homer flew the Duke out to see President Roosevelt, who was fishing among the Bahamas on the cruiser *Tuscaloosa*. But the Duke was close-mouthed about their talk. They had discussed naval bases, he admitted and, looking pleased, added that he would be back in the U. S. after Jan. 1 to inspect CCC camps.



The Duke steps down into a U. S. Navy launch which carried him to a four-motor bomber which flew him 240 miles to the President.



for Christmas
...give the
cigarette that satisfies

A carton of Chesterfields
with their Milder Better Taste
will give your friends more
pleasure than anything else
you can buy for the money.

The attractive Gift
Carton that says

Merry Christmas

For "DOUBLE-RICH" Holidays give

Cream of Kentucky

THE "DOUBLE-RICH" BOURBON



* The green-and-white racing colors of Mr. W. H. Jeffords—carried to fame by "Bateau"—another Kentucky champion. Thoroughbred quality wins. That's why Cream of Kentucky is by far the world's largest-selling straight Bourbon whiskey.



ETHEL BARRYMORE SHINES IN "THE CORN IS GREEN," SEASON'S FINEST COMEDY

In any season *The Corn Is Green* with Ethel Barrymore would rate high. But as Broadway's first intelligent comedy this winter, it shines with double luster. Produced in London in 1938, the play ran two years with its author, Emyln Williams, in the leading male role. It closed during air raids this July.

In outline, *The Corn Is Green* movingly suggests the story of Playwright Williams' own youth in a Welsh mining district where he became the protégé

of a spinster schoolteacher. As Teacher Moffat, Ethel Barrymore at 61 gives the least mannered, most heart-warming performance of her career, supported by an expert cast directed by Herman Shumlin.

In the picture above, Miss Moffat makes her first breezy entrance in a Welsh village of the 1800's, accompanied by her housekeeper's no-good daughter. On the following pages, you see how these two women compete in bitter rivalry to shape one boy's destiny.



Miss Moffat battles the Squire who disapproves because she is a fat-day social worker starting a school for the children who work in his coal mine. Says he: "I'm not going to have any of this damned lanky-panky in my village." Says she: "You are a stupid, conceited, greedy, good-for-nothing old fellow and mineowner." In despair she gives up her school.



Miss Moffat battles a young miner, Morgan Evans, whose *findling* attempts to write a poetic essay on a teacher of his rare talent. Gradually, Morgan at first comes to write the essay, but finally admits his hunger for knowledge, saying: "I want to know what's behind their books." Miss Moffat then resolves to carry on the school, mainly for his sake.



Miss Moffat's school, held in the living room of her own cottage, is a thriving success after two years. Eager villagers, young and old, crowd her classes, and rise with respect as Miss Moffat *tricht* enters the room. She teaches them English, arithmetic, geography, informs them that Shakespeare is a man, not a play. Her prize student is Morgan Evans, the young

miner whom she tutors privately, cramming him with Greek, Voltaire, Milton, Carlyle, as well as teaching him to wash his face and *clean* his nails. Her supreme ambition is for him to win a scholarship to Oxford. She does not suspect that Morgan is a fervid rebel against the strict discipline and that he utterly resents being dominated by a woman.



Crafty Bessie Watty, the housekeeper's shifty little daughter, comes to seduce Morgan Evans, begins by showing him her bruised knee. But Morgan is morosely preoccupied with a recent quarrel with Miss Moffat when he blurted out to her: "I do not want to learn Greek, nor to pronounce any long English words, nor to keep my hands clean." Further, he

broods because his long hours of school work separate him from his boyhood chums who used to hail him as middleweight champion of Glasgyle miners. To defy Miss Moffat, Morgan admits he has been sneaking away afternoons to the pub, "puttin' me nice clean boots on that dirty rail . . . pourin' poison rum down me nice clean teeth, and spittin' in a spittoon."



Bessie's blandishments continue as she sings seductively to Morgan in Welsh, and becomes transformed from a sullen schoolgirl into something mischievous, sly and attractive. She champions his grudge against Miss Moffat, says consolingly: "You know, you was quite right to put her in her place. You don't 'ave to go to Oxford, a clever chap like you."



"What a man wants is a bit of sympathy," says Bessie as Morgan finally grabs her hungrily in his arms. Alone with this girl, Morgan finds a passionate release for his pent-up emotions. Next day he returns to his studies with fresh zeal and determination, fears no more that he is being dominated by a woman. He puts Bessie Watty out of his mind completely.



Bessie returns after being employed for three months as a housemaid. It is the crucial morning when Morgan takes his three-hour written examination for Oxford. Bessie announces she is going to have Morgan's baby. Warning her not to disturb Morgan before his exam, Miss Moffat declares quietly: "If you do, I shall strike you so hard I shall probably kill you."



Pouring out his gratitude seven months later, Morgan tells Miss Moffat about his wonderful visit to Oxford where he took the final oral examinations for his scholarship. Says he: "I was in a new world—my world! And so it came to me why you worked like a slave to make me ready for this scholarship." Miss Moffat drinks in his words with intense delight.



Miss Moffat's last battle occurs when Bessie Watty returns after her baby is born. Sitting triumphantly between Miss Moffat and her friends, Bessie demands that Morgan marry her. She has no love for her baby, nor for Morgan. She only wants him to take responsibility for the child so she can pursue new lovers. Miss Moffat saves the day by adopting the child

herself, persuades Morgan his real duty is to accept the scholarship and make the most of his opportunities. From all her work and devotion, Miss Moffat confesses: "I experienced something which must after all be comparatively rare: a feeling of complete happiness." After Morgan is gone she announces that school will continue at "nine o'clock—as usual."

Wine lends to our Holidays a special warm-hearted charm

*Popular hosts and hostesses report
more and more people prefer a
moderate beverage like wine*

WHY DON'T you try it this year? When "turkey and fixings" come to table, pour for every one a glass of ruby Burgundy or golden Sauterne wine. As an extra touch of hospitality!

We promise it will bring you an interesting discovery. A new glamour at your table. A still more royal taste added to your festive main dinner course by good wine!

Sauterne and Burgundy, mind you, are made to bring out the flavor of our rich holiday meats. In all the world, no connoisseur has ever found a more perfect complement to turkey than these delightful table wines.

While the holidays are here why not try another venture too? When you've guests at supper or in the evening, set out platters of sliced ham . . . turkey . . . dainty sandwiches . . .

And trays on which small glasses surround a decanter each of nutlike Sherry and mellow Port.

This year—however you serve your wine, you'll notice more and more people now prefer this moderate beverage. You'll discover that the gracious custom of serving wine compliments your more important guests.

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA.

In the most discerning households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. And more than 9 in every 10 Americans who serve wine choose wines grown here. The wines of California for export are grown to strict standards of quality. You will find them true to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.



At the appetizer hour, try serving Sherry wine . . . Nutlike in flavor, mellow and rich, Sherry is an ideal and perfect invitation to a good dinner. Set out your Sherry alone or with appetizers . . . in cocktail-size portions.



The table wines are light and "dry" (not sweet)—especially to accompany many courses of the holiday feast. To try any of them, California Rhine wines are a good choice. They are light and refreshing, and will go well with fish or the roast of a holiday feast with your duck or roast.



"Sweet" wines are made for serving with refreshments. When you're entertaining casually, try setting out a glass of Moscat. It's a popular light wine, very refreshing, and will go well with your refreshments. Moscat grapes.

ONE THING THAT HASN'T CHANGED...
How to say "Merry Christmas!"



For more years than the oldest one amongst us can recall, the really eloquent way of saying...
Merry Christmas has been with good whiskey. And under many an oldtime tree was placed the best the day knew—though heavy as the roar of welcome it received! So this Christmas by all means cling to this grand tradition. But remember... tastes have changed though custom hasn't. And let the whiskey you give be a modern whiskey, a light whiskey. Choose for those particular friends of yours, HIRAM WALKER'S Signet. This superb whiskey—distilled by modern methods for modern tastes—is delightfully light and easy to take. Aged in aged wood—casks pre-mellowed by prior use—
 Signet is the first bonded whiskey of its kind—it's the 1940 gift whiskey

DELIGHTFULLY LIGHT
 IT'S THE GIFT WHISKEY FOR MODERN TASTES

Hiram Walker's
Signet
First Bonded Whiskey of its kind



Special Gift Package
 Hiram Walker's Signet comes in this handsome gift package—an appropriate wood like container for the bonded whiskey that's aged in aged wood.

This whiskey is
4 YEARS OLD
100 PROOF

COPE, 1940, HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.



Musical alarm watch waked Packard to his favorite time, 1 o'clock from Jodelin A. B. Gouard, at the hotel heated by the steam under dial on the face of the watch. Back opens to show automatic mechanism. It features a "repeater" which strikes hours, quarters and minutes.

WATCHES

THESE ARE THE BEST BUILT IN THE WORLD

Last year more than 18,000,000 new domestic and foreign watches replaced or were added to the 70,000,000 already owned by the U. S. people. Some of these were bought solely to keep time. Others were sold on strength of novel cases, dials and minerals. But in an instrument that should tick precisely 432,000 times every 24 hours, it is the works that count.

Watch styles create curious prejudices. Just as wrist watches 25 years ago were thought to mark "fossies," so today large pocket pieces are sometimes regarded as old-fashioned "turkeys." But big watches still keep better time than ones whose works would fit into a hollowed-out 890 gold piece. Best watches made in the U. S. are large railroad watches, accurate to within 30 seconds a week.

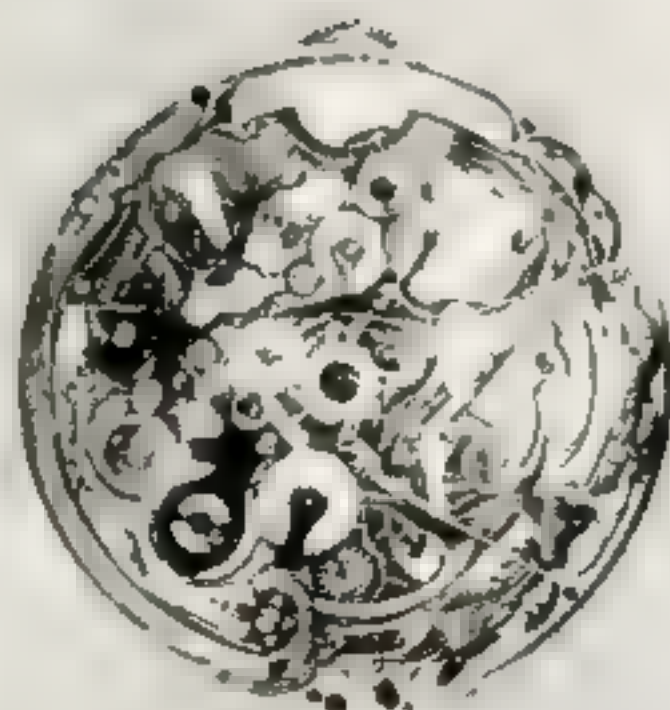
America's greatest watch fancier and collector was the late John Ward Packard, mechanical genius of the Packard Motor Car Co. The two watches at left and right belong to the Packard Collection, now owned by the Horological Institute of America and housed in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

The finest watches are still made in Switzerland by a handful of old companies, among whom the most famous is Patek Philippe. Built by hand with intricate mechanisms to compensate for such things as temperature and position in which watch is carried, such watches sell for \$4,000 to \$15,000. Best of all are those made by these firms in the golden age of 1890-1923.

Some of them incorporate various complicated devices: repeaters to chime hours, quarters and minutes; alarms; moon phases; perpetual calendars; astronomical calculators. The watches that appear on this page are collectors' items but many of the standard watches in the next pages do more than tell what time it is.



Astronomical double-faced watch is noted for its back face. Moving sky with 300 stars in six zones reproduces cascade of constellations. Warren O. H. Ware, who Packard bought for \$1,400, also shows the face of stars, sun, moon, planets, apparent solar time, perpetual calendar.



World's most complicated watch took Patek, Philippe's Geneva craftsmen 5 years to plan and 3 years to make for a private collector who paid \$10,000 for it. Besides telling time, the face of the watch has a perpetual calendar which takes care of leap year, moon phases, split-second timer, 60-min. register, alarm, dials showing conditions of

motor springs, second hand. Other face, on left, has hour, minute, second hand for sidereal star time, moon, giving differences between apparent solar and sidereal time, sunrise and sunset, heliac, celestial chart of 5,000 constellations at every hour. It also strikes hours, quarters and minutes automatically or at will. Works center contains 870 parts.

(continued)

THESE WATCHES TELL TIME AND PERFORM SPECIAL SERVICES FOR RADIO ANNOUNCERS,



World's most accurate watch is this \$2,100 Patek, Philippe with a Turillon movement that automatically compensates all positions. It will gain or lose only 12 sec. a year.



Colored dials are back in fashion after 80 years. Black-faced model with gold-lapped figures and hands is a \$275 thin Patek, Philippe. It gains or loses only 1 mm. a year.



Universal timekeeper costs \$625. Is here set for Alaska where the time is 4:30 a.m. Roman numeral shows time is 14:50 (2:50 p.m.) in London and 7:50 a.m. in Chicago.



Collector's item is Schulz's unique \$10,000 sports wrist watch. It tells time, hours, quarters, minutes, has perpetual calendar, 1/5-sec. timer and shows the phases of the moon.



Racing watch by Schulz has quintuple timer which can simultaneously clock all the winners and two also-rans in the same horse race. This timer costs \$1,700.



Double split 1/5-sec. timer is rare on wrist watches. Two small dials are regular second and 1 and 30 sec. register for timer. This is made by Schulz for \$1,700.



Doctor's wrist watch has a double-ended second sweep. Starting with marker on 12, doctor counts 30 beats. Scale markings then show pulse rate per minute. Walther, \$34.75.



Jump watch shows time when button is pressed to make thin belts in eagle's claws leap to hour, 10, 15 and minute. This oddity by Vacheron & Constantin costs \$1,000.



Aviator's wrist watch with 1/5-sec. timer and 30-sec. register (small dial to right) features flexible bezel with arrow to mark the start of elapsed time. Longines, \$125.



Four-in-one \$37.50 Gallet wrist watch tells time and also has 1/5-sec. timer that measures speed of sail (outside figures) and m.p.h. over a measured mile (inside figures).



Open-back watch is popular with radio announcers who while away waiting seconds by watching the wheels go round. This Girard-Perregaux pocket chronograph is \$75.



Navigation hour-angle watch compensates for chronometer error, converts hours to degrees, minutes of arc, calculates equation of time of observed body. Longines, \$75.

ENGINEERS, NAVIGATORS, AIR PILOTS, DOCTORS, NURSES, NUNS AND SPORTSMEN



Calendar wrist watch of Girard-Perregaux is in stainless steel, costs \$45. In the little slots under the figure 12, the new date appears automatically in red Arabic numerals.



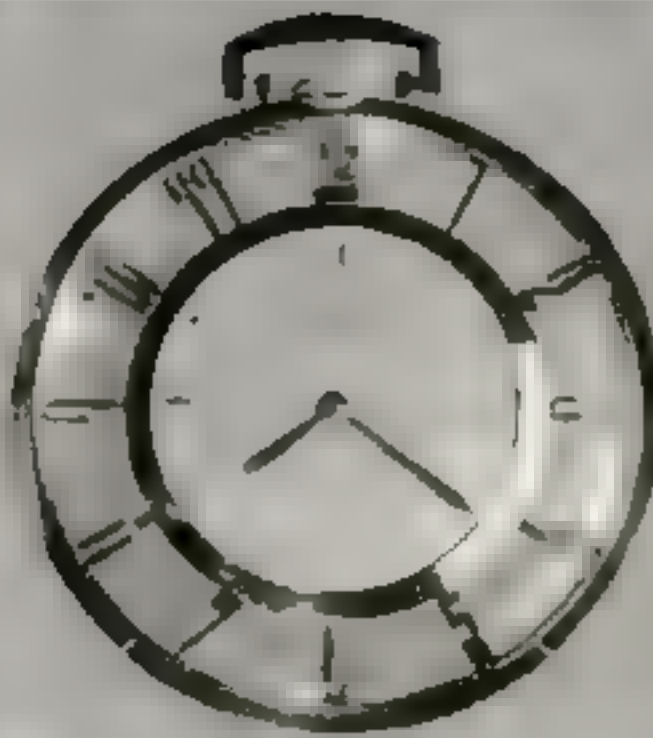
Waterproof chronograph for nautical engineers and aviators has indicator for timing speed over measured mile, dials for registering hrs., min. Girard-Perregaux, \$85.



Names instead of numerals on dials are featured by Hamilton for presentation pocket watches costing \$20 to \$22.5. If name is too long, initials may mark the quarter hours.



Railroad watches by Elgin, Hamilton, Waltham are most accurate pocket timekeepers made in U. S. These should not gain or lose more than 10 sec. a week. Price \$60-75.



X-ray watch by Waltham (\$195) has crystal front and back. This is not new idea. European watchmakers made glass-front cases 50 years ago so laymen could see works.



Nun's watch, about the size of a quarter, some of silver, some of gold, some of platinum. A simple, simple design makes it basic for nursing. Made by Elgin, costs \$29.75.



"Curvex" watch, curved to fit back of wrist, was introduced by Elgin five years ago, made watch history. Works as well as the case are curved. This man's Curvex, \$19.75.



Face with jewel numerals, like color dials and visible works, is an old idea currently enjoying a new vogue. This platinum-and-diamond Harvel watch costs \$275.



Dots and dashes instead of numbers take their inspiration from ancient timekeepers—sun-dials and notched candles. "The President," gem of Breguet's 1940 line, costs \$52.50.



Nurse's wrist watch with an easy-to-read dial has its sweep-second hand tipped in red in order to insure accurate taking of pulses even in darkened sickrooms. Elgin, \$35.



Three-in-one for ladies is Waltham's versatile \$39.75 "Miss Sagamore." Suitable for changing fashions, it can be worn on the wrist, as a pendant, fob or chateleine.



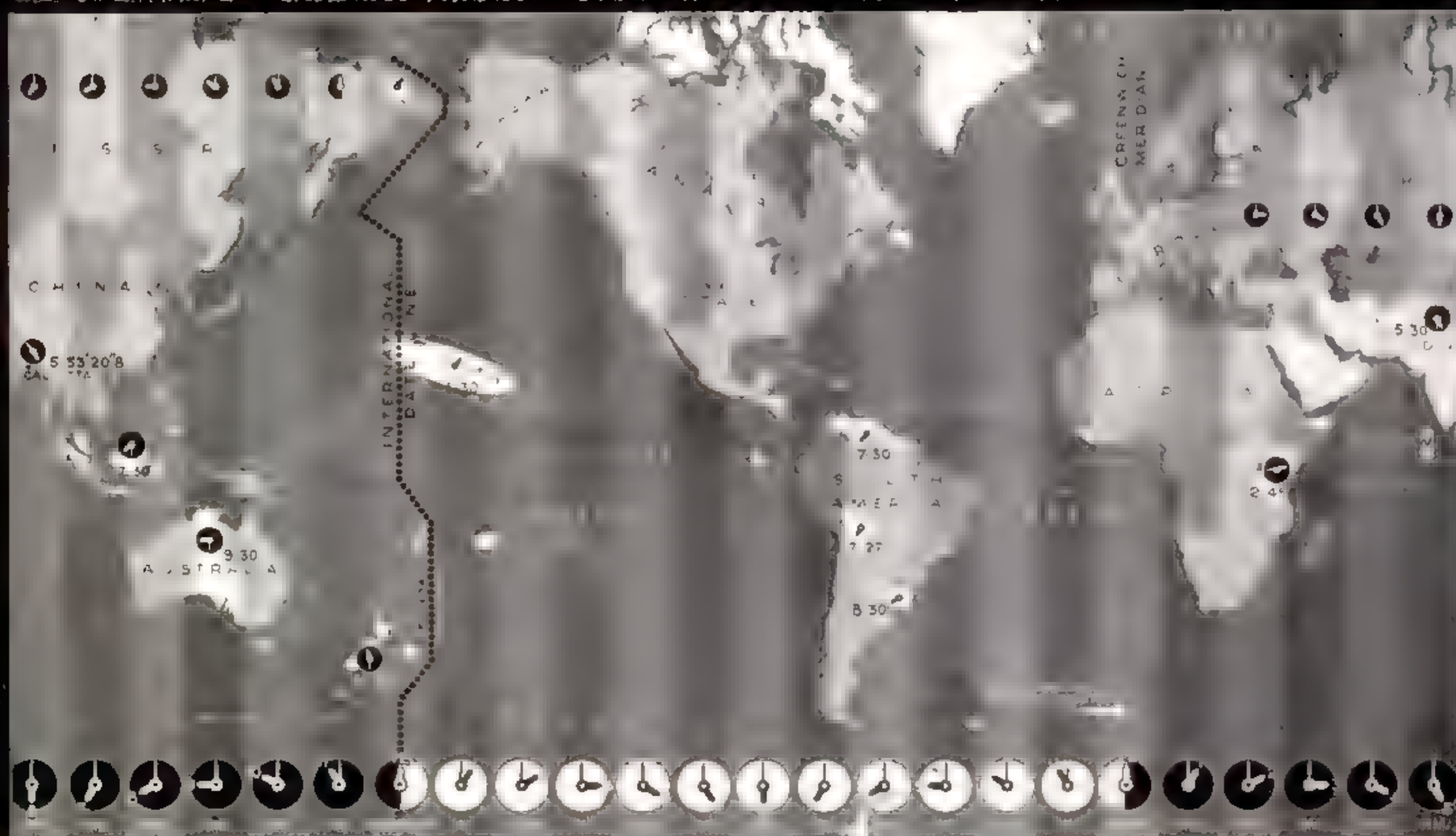
Ring watch, formerly the precious bauble of dowagers, is now the trinket of mass production. Stainless-steel miniature by Girard-Perregaux is smaller than dime, costs \$60.



This is a railroad watch taken apart. Counting a few of the screws and of the larger pieces, here are 14 parts and it would take a man about three years to learn to put

them together again. Counting to rigid requirements of time inspectors, railroad watches must be counted in diameter have no less than 21 jewels and be set with a

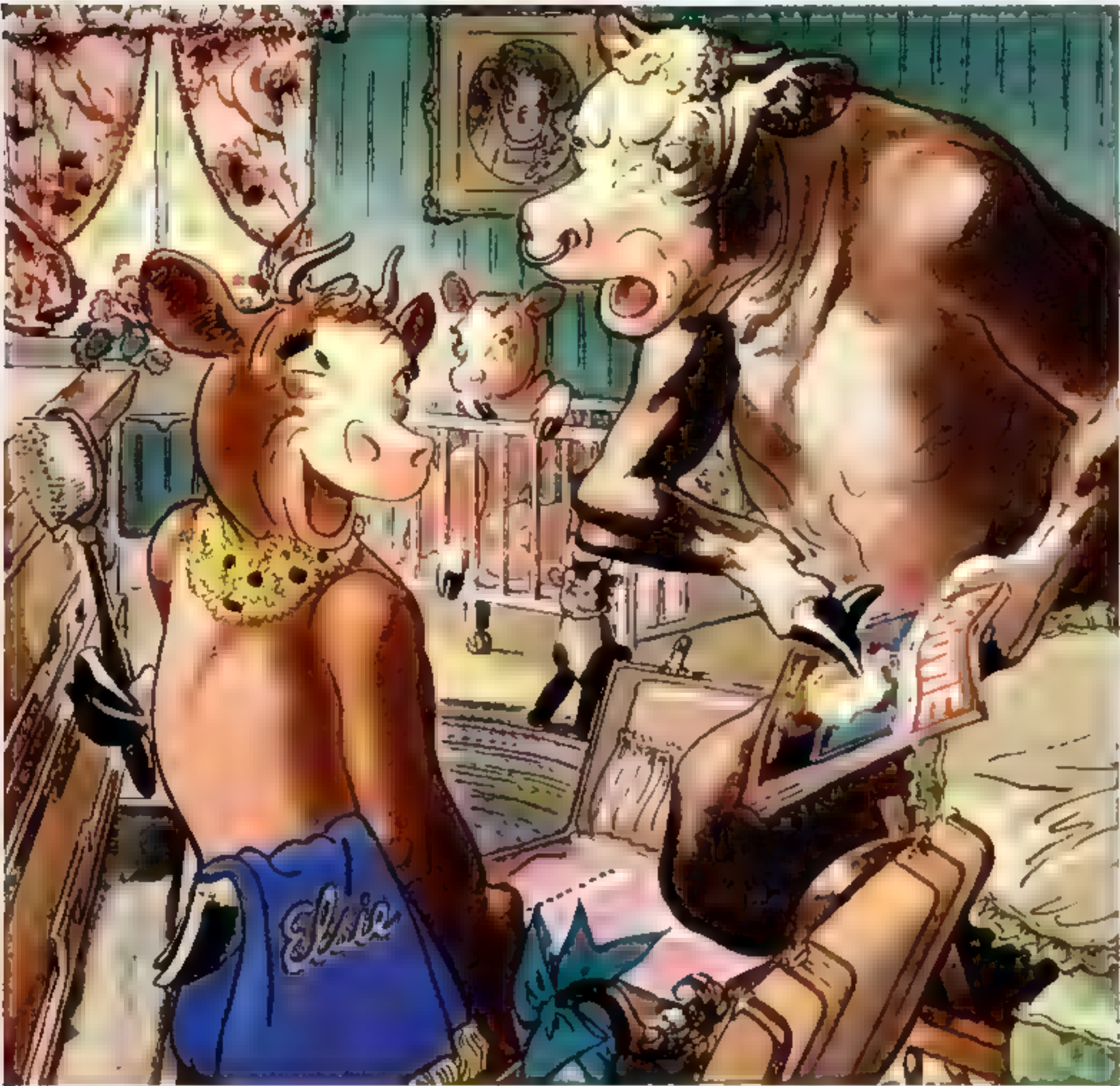
lever. This is Hamilton's 860, 21 jewel watch. Forget last out of any watch, watch it at some time every morning, have it cleaned every 6-18 months, depending on its size



Standard time, now practically universal, is based on Greenwich, England, and is only designated as Longitude Zero. Going east from Greenwich travelers lose time; going west, they gain time. This map shows the world's 24 time zones, with clocks at the bottom to show what time it is in each zone when it is 12 noon at Greenwich.

Time zones, shown in alternating light gray and dark, are even sands on the water but become irregular when they strike land. This is because each country alters its zones best itself making them deviate to take in big cities and follow national boundaries. For instance the Pacific zone jumps Mexico entirely, follows State and province bound-

aries through the U.S. and Canada, gets back on its track to the Arctic islands. A special complication is Russia which runs one hour ahead of standard time in each zone. Areas that are shown in white do not conform to the standard zone system. Some of these areas have no time system at all, in others the clock indicates the local time.



"Don't be silly, Elmer—I'm still a home girl at heart!"

ELMER, THE BULL, was not in a pleasant mood. He clutched a movie fan magazine grumpily, and his eyes flashed as he questioned Elsie, the Borden Cow.

"Home girl!" he growled; "how could anyone go traipsing off to Hollywood at the drop of a contract—and still be a *home* girl?"

"Goodness, it was only so I could make *one* movie," answered Elsie, going right on with her unpacking. "A very nice movie, too."

"I doubt if I shall see it," stated Elmer stuffily. "I am more interested in finding out just how much the giddy life of Hollywood has changed you."

"Not one bit," asserted Elsie positively. "To me, the brown derby is still just a hat. There's nothing more important in my life than the wonderfully pure, wholesome *Borden's Milk* that Borden care and Borden

experts help me to produce. And I'd much rather be back home here feeling proud of all the wonderfully pure, wholesome foods that milk helps to make than seeing my name up in lights."

"Well, your name is being mentioned in connection with more than milk or lights," rumbled Elmer, glance-

ing angrily at his fan magazine.

"Naturally," agreed Elsie. "People are bound to talk—so, no wonder it's all over town that one reason why *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk* makes marvelous cake frostings, cookies, and candies like magic is because it's made from my milk."

"And that, I presume," muttered Elmer, with heavy sarcasm "is the total extent to which rumor has touched your fair name?"

"Oh, I suppose word also has gotten around about the *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* I help to make," reflected Elsie. "How it not only gets an approving nod from physicians for infant feeding because it's so digestible and rich in Vitamin D—but is grand, too, for creating lovely cream soups and fluffy mashed potatoes. Yes, it's only natural I should be the toast of many a jolly dinner table."

"A ha, now we're getting somewhere," snorted Elmer. "And you a *mother*!"

"... Especially when you think," rambled on Elsie, "how delightfully a good dinner can be topped off with one of the score of *Borden's Fine Cheeses*. Take, for instance, *Military Brand Camembert*—the famous dessert cheese with the creamy, soul-satisfying heart."

DELICIOUS, THIS MILITARY BRAND CAMEMBERT!

"You talk," interrupted the exasperated Elmer, "as though butter wouldn't melt in your mouth!"

"One of life's pleasantest experiences," replied Elsie, "is the way *Borden's Ice Cream* melts in your mouth—it's so cool, creamy, utterly delightful. Of course my pure milk and cream take a good deal of the credit."

"Movies, soups, ice cream!" grunted Elmer. "I suppose there's *nothing* you won't take credit for!"

"That's not true, Elmer, and you know it!" retorted Elsie. "My milk doesn't happen to go into *Borden's None Such Mince Meat*, for one thing. But *None Such* gets its spicy flavor and wholesomeness from the same kind of Borden care that makes my products so good... What on earth is making you so quarrelsome?"

NO MINCE MEAT LIKE BORDEN'S NONE SUCH!

"This!" bellowed Elmer, at last flourishing the movie fan magazine under Elsie's nose. "How do you explain this headline, 'Elsie Loves Little Men'?"

"Silly!" giggled Elsie. "Why, 'Little Men' is the name of the movie I made. I'm surprised at you, Elmer—imagining I'd turn out to be a playgirl. Whenever you thought of me while I was away, you should have remembered just one thing!"

"What's that, Elsie?" puzzled Elmer.

Elsie smiled and tweaked his ear: "If it's *Borden's*, it's *GOT* to be good!"

See Elsie herself in RKO's delightful new movie, "Little Men," as soon as it comes to your theater. You'll enjoy seeing Elsie perform with such famous stars as Kay Francis, George Bancroft, Jack Oakie.



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Calvert

Is the



Calvert

*A "special" blend—mild and mellow.
The quality whiskey which deservedly
has become a criterion of extra value.*

Lord Calvert

A whiskey that is a deliberate extravagance—of incredible smoothness and matchless quality for you who can afford to give the finest. Comes in an appropriately distinctive gift package.



Perfect Gift



Special

be most popular in America. The price is surprisingly moderate for so fine a gift whiskey. "It tastes better."

Calvert Reserve

If you think your friends prefer a "richer" whiskey, Calvert "Reserve" solves your holiday gift buying problem.

Millions gladly pay a few cents more for this premium blend. Calvert "Reserve" is always in "good taste."

PROTECTIVE BLENDING CREATES THE PERFECT GIFT

Here are three great whiskeys—three great gifts. The same Protective Blending that distinguishes these three superlative whiskeys identifies them as America's favorite gifts.

Your friends *already* know what Calvert's exclusive Protective Blending *does* for this famous whiskey—how much it adds to their drinking enjoyment.

That's why no matter what a man may drink from time to time—rye, bourbon, or Scotch—

you can't go wrong giving Calvert because it has a universally favored flavor—thanks to Protective Blending.

So take this easy way out of your shopping worries.

Give these smart, handsome, richly colorful gift packages of Calvert—Gifts of "Good Taste." Let Protective Blending convey to your friends the heartiest of Good Wishes with the best of "Good Spirits."



Calvert Gin

A gentle gin. The flavor speaks softly. Pleasingly dry—for festive holiday cocktails. A welcome gift.

Lord Calvert "Custom Blended" Whiskey: 86.8 Proof 65% Grain Neutral Spirits • Calvert "Reserve" Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof 65% Grain Neutral Spirits • Calvert "Special" Blended Whiskey: 90 Proof 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits • Calvert Distilled London Dry Gin: 90 Proof—Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City

**"A Pontiac will
never hurt you here!"**



* Delivered at Pontiac, Mich.
State tax, optional equipment
and accessories—extra. Prices
subject to change without
notice. General Motors Terms
To Suit Your Purse.



LOW FIRST COST. It is easy to enjoy the comfort, safety and satisfaction of a Pontiac. Even the first cost is but a few dollars above that of lowest-priced cars. In fact, if you can afford *any* new car—you can afford a Pontiac!



GREAT GAS AND OIL ECONOMY. When you survey the facts you find both the new Pontiac "Torpedo" Six and Eight virtually unrivalled for thrift—despite larger bodies, greater length, and increased power which place them among America's finest cars for 1941.



TROUBLE-FREE PERFORMANCE. Pontiac dealers' service charges are among the lowest in the industry—but you'll seldom have a chance to find this out! Pontiac's slogan "Built to last 100,000 Miles" is no idle boast. Based on what hundreds of owners say, Pontiac is the most trouble-free car in America . . . and upkeep costs are almost unbelievably low.



EXTRA HIGH TRADE-IN VALUE. Naturally, its impressive record for long, economical service gives Pontiac preferred rating on the used car market. As a result, you are money ahead even when you trade. So go ahead—get what you want—get a Pontiac!

PONTIAC
PRICES
BEGIN AT

\$828

FOR DE LUXE
"TORPEDO"
SIX BUSINESS
COUPE

**Only \$25 more for an Eight
in any model!**



A CHAMP FROM NORWAY HOLDS DAILY PRACTICE ON ROCKEFELLER ICE

By way of daily practice, petite, blonde Erna Andersen casually springs into a parallel jump like the one above on the ice rink at New York's Rockefeller Center. Erna has the odd distinction of having lost four skating championships to Sonja Henie. Both studied with Martin Sturud in Oslo. Both belonged to the same skating club, entered the same tournaments. Every time, Erna would be runner-up to Sonja, so Erna turned professional, became Eu-

rope's most spectacular ice performer. She came to the U. S. last year, is now rehearsing in an ice show which will start touring the U. S. in January.

Erna Andersen's high jinks on ice are notable because they combine grace with speed. Most skating stars are either fast or graceful. Erna uses interpretive ballet technique with skating speed, easily performs leaps like the one above. She is wearing a white pinafore-type dress with red knit sleeves and pants.

ASTRONOMY



Course of comet is here plotted on sky map by Professor Donald H. Menzel of Harvard Observatory. On Dec. 25, comet will be at position indicated at 8 p. m., will be visible for about two

hours. On Jan. 10, it will have moved closer to horizon and will be visible, beginning at 6 p. m., for an hour or more below horizon. Dr. Menzel suggests dark glasses for better view.

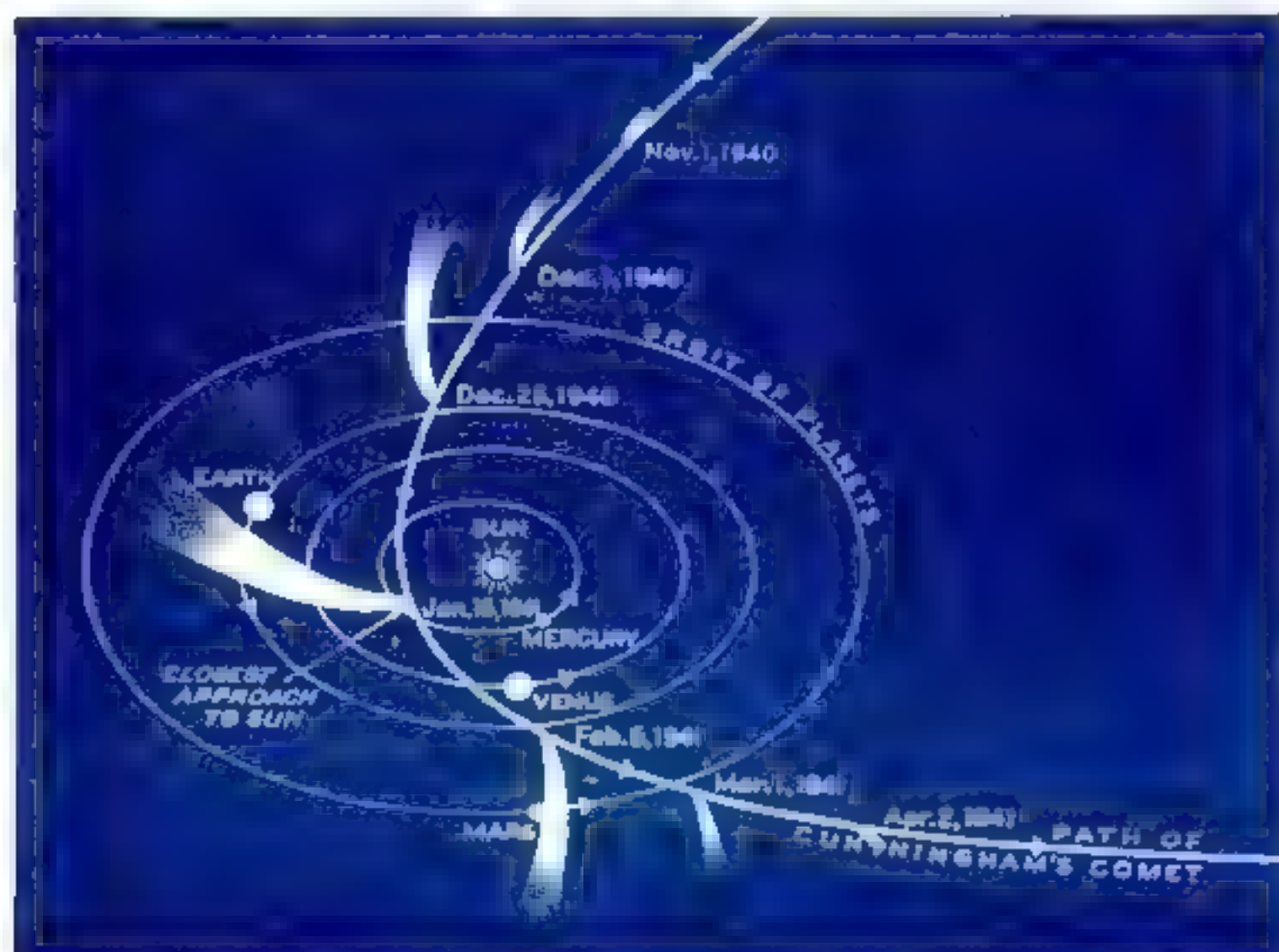
CUNNINGHAM'S COMET, BRIGHTEST SINCE HALLEY'S, IS 1940 CHRISTMAS STAR

On Christmas night, according to the calculations of the nation's astronomers, a new comet will become visible to the naked eye in the western sky. It will be the first bright comet since Halley's comet in 1910 provided the world with a 100-day celestial wonder. The new comet, on its first trip into the solar system, was discovered by Leland E. Cunningham of Harvard Observatory, when it was a tiny speck that had gone unnoticed on a photographic plate exposed in mid-August. Starting into a steep turn around the sun, Cunningham's Comet has now begun to emit a tail that may string out 30,000,000 miles across the sky, make it a brilliant spectacle in the first week of 1941.

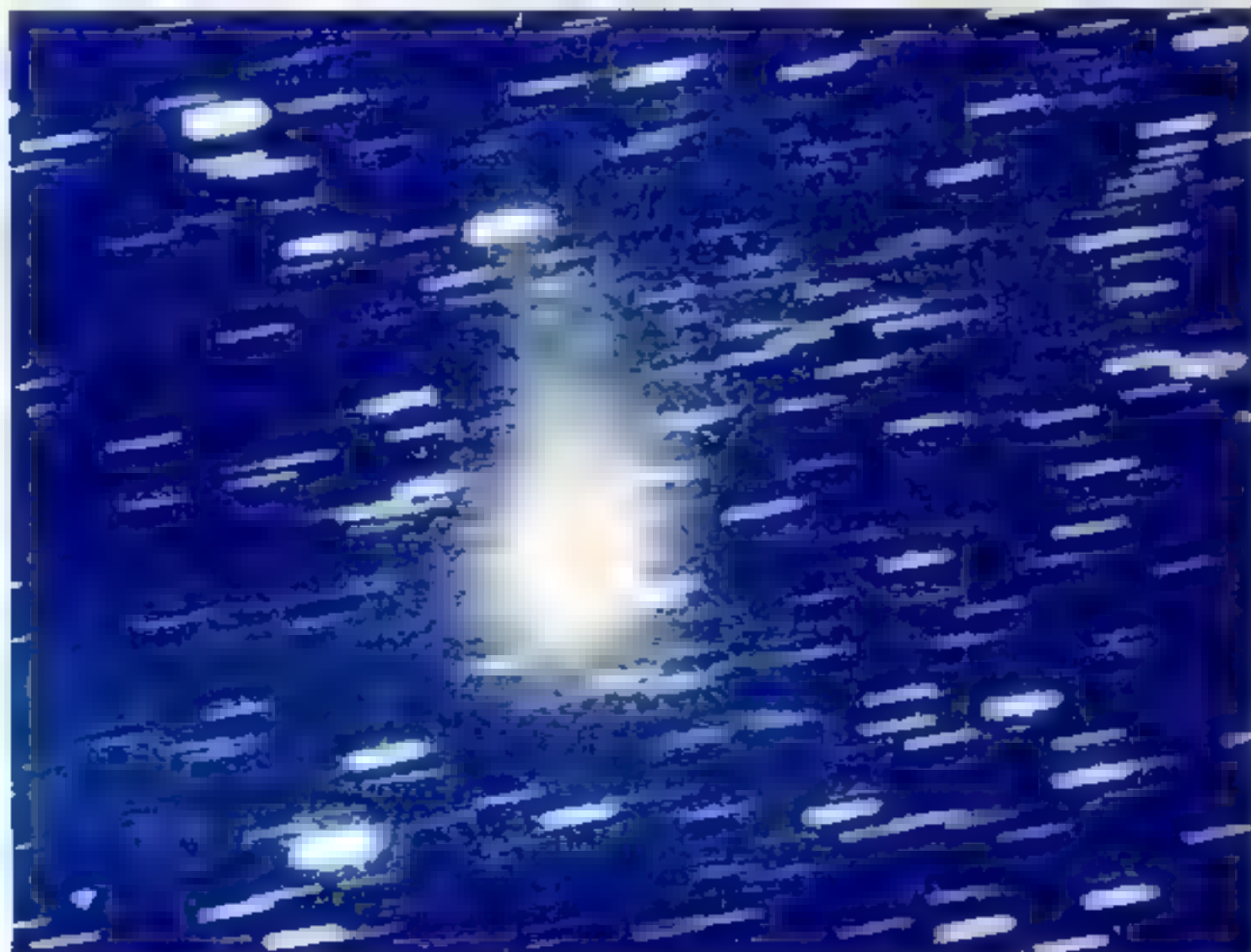
Free-wandering travelers of interstellar space, comets are the most erratic objects in the heavens. Even the estimated 50,000 that are thought to be members of the solar system travel huge orbits that take them sometimes on journeys out beyond the farthest planet. Most regular of all is Halley's, which has made 27 recorded trips around the sun, 23 of them in the centuries before it was named

for the great British astronomer. Cunningham's Comet is swinging in a wide parabolic arc that will take it out beyond Pluto's orbit, its tail dwindling, and the quadrillions of tons of rock, dust and gas that make its head, becoming once more a lightless stellar waste.

To people in the past, comets have brought groundless fears of cataclysmic collision with their tails. The nearest thing to nothing at all that exists in nature, a comet's tail streams out only when the head is heated by the sun. It points not back along the comet's line of flight but across it away from the sun. The tail consists of particles so tiny that they are driven out of the comet's head by the minute pressure of sunlight itself, which is felt on earth as a force of only .01 of an ounce per acre. In a million miles of tail, there may be no more than a satchelful of matter and less noxious gases than are generated every day on Main Street. Even a frontal collision with the quadrillions of tons of finely divided material in most comet-heads would give the earth nothing more than a magnificent display of meteors.



Comet's orbit through solar system is plotted in perspective. At perihelion on Jan. 16 it will be only 50,000,000 miles from the sun. The earth may pass through tail, see meteor shower.



Cunningham's Comet, photographed on Oct. 24, was a luminous blob with a faint tail behind it. Bright lines are tracks of stars on camera plate, which was swung to follow the comet.



Leland E. Cunningham, graduate student at Harvard Observatory, sets micrometer on 61-in. reflector telescope at Oak Ridge, Mass. for picture of comet he discovered.



Halley's comet, next due in 1987, was first recorded in 240 B. C. The star at birth of Christ, however, is thought to have been another comet or a conjunction of planets.

YOU CAN STILL GET MARTINI & ROSSI VERMOUTH

BOY—WHAT POPULAR MANHATTANS

THESE FOLKS KNOW IT IS THE VERMOUTH THAT GIVES A COCKTAIL FLAVOR!

THAT'S WHY THEY USE MARTINI & ROSSI AMERICA'S FAVORITE VERMOUTH



Extra Dry
Alcohol 18%
by vol.

Do your guests really enjoy your cocktails—or do they gulp them painfully, dutifully for friendship's sake? If your cocktails bring but faint praise—here's one important fact that will help you.

Remember it's the Vermouth that gives a cocktail FLAVOR

And that's why you should always use Martini & Rossi America's favorite Vermouth! Because of its many plants in various countries, the traditional, authentic, strictly adhered to Martini & Rossi formula still finds its way to you. Both REGULAR (for Manhattans) and EXTRA DRY (for Martinis) are obtainable. Order some today!

Try Vermouth Straight—When you want to be one of the crowd and be moderate, too—try Martini & Rossi Vermouth STRAIGHT! Simply pour the Regular (sweet) over ice cubes and twist of lemon peel, slice of orange. Or try Vermouth with soda and ice. Both are moderate, really delicious!

Regular
Alcohol 15-15.5% by vol.

VERMOUTH GLASS

6 1/2" x 1 1/2" x 1 1/2" H
Tapered W 3 1/2" x 1 1/2"
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WINDOW GARDENING BRINGS SUMMER BLOOMS TO WINTER



JEAN HERSEY, GARDENING

The window garden gay with blooms and vines on the opposite page thrives all winter in the New York City home of Jean Hersey. Mrs. Hersey has been gardening outdoors for fun and writing articles about it for the past ten years. One fall, about five years ago, someone gave her a potted rose

geranium. That was the beginning of her indoor winter gardening adventures which can be duplicated by anybody with a sunny window. In a book called *I Like Gardening*, which will appear in January, she tells how she makes her gardens grow:

On a shelf by a window place one or more trays about two inches deep, filled with about one inch of pebbles and enough water to almost cover the pebbles. Stand the pots on the pebbles. The sunlight, combined with the warmth inside, keeps the water evaporating, thus supplying essential moisture. The pebbles keep the pots out of the water. Most plants should be watered daily. Plant tops, except those of African violets and geraniums, should be sprayed daily with a bulb spray. This should be done when the sun is not shining on the leaves, lest the drops of water act as a magnifying glass and burn the foliage.

For generous blooms use small pots, which cramp the roots, and feed the plants frequently with plant tablets. During months when sun is scarcest, keep the light from a 100-watt bulb turned on the plants for about five hours daily. To control insects, spray with nicotine or coax a pair of lady bugs to live in the garden. Another system of insect control, unorthodox but successful in the Hersey garden, is to turn a pair of chameleons (25¢ each at pet shops) loose in the garden. These will settle down among the plants, hardly ever leave the window, and will eat all the mealy bugs and other insects.

The photographs here and on the following pages show some of the plants which will thrive indoors.



Spice geraniums are less apt to flower indoors than common garden variety but are most welcome for their fragrance.

The above specimens are: top left, nutmeg; lower left, rose; top right, peppermint. The spray is lemon geranium.



Ivy plants are perfect background for flowering pots. Some grow in neat bushes, some climb up, some grow down. Of

the above varieties Nos. 1, 6, 7, 11 grow down, 3 and 9 climb up. 4, 5, 8, 10, 12 grow in bushes. No. 2 grows up or down.



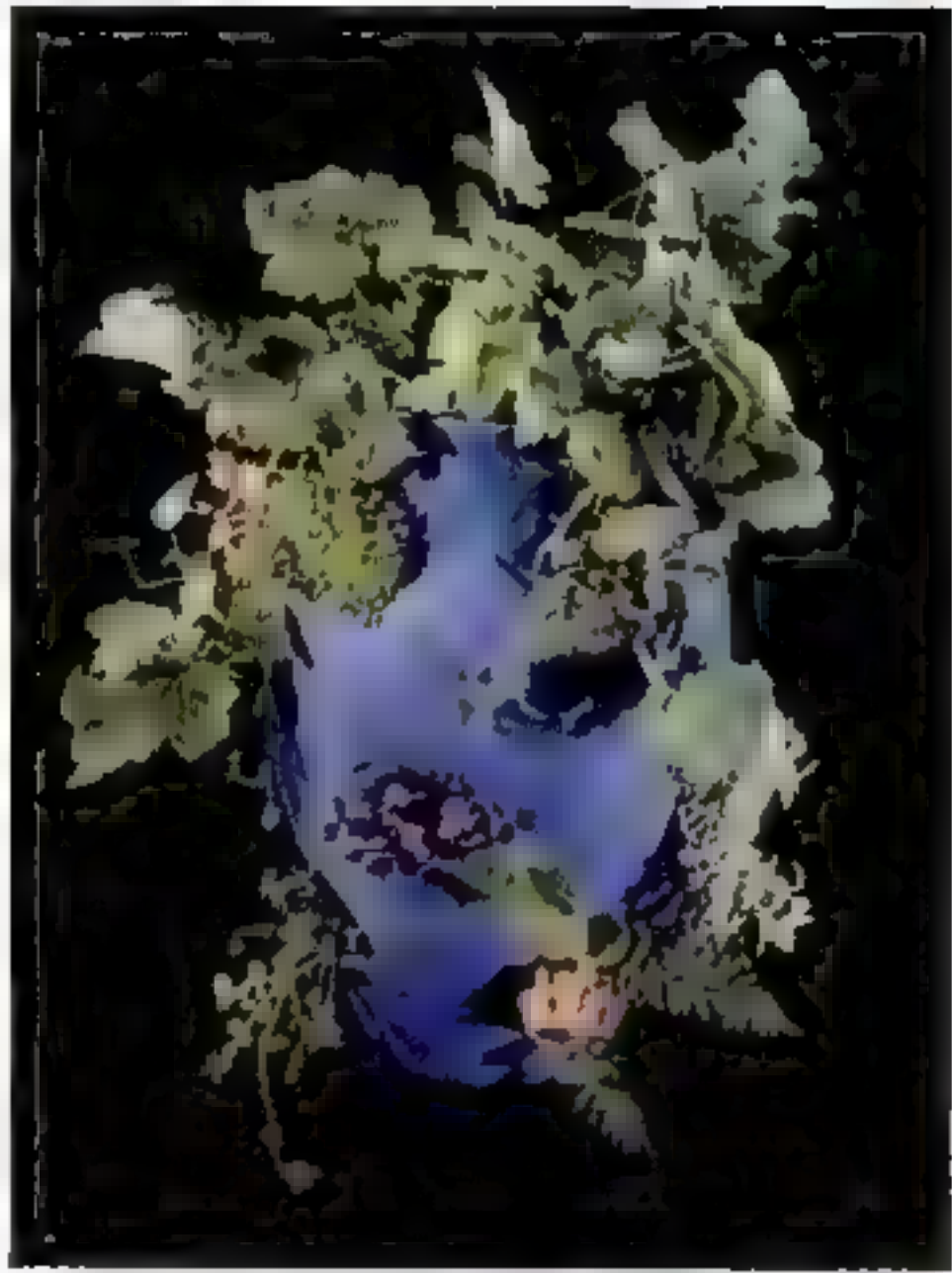
Polypodium Mandaianum grows well indoors. Legend is that fern seeds on leaves, if worn in shoes, make wearer invisible.



Philodendron dubium means "friend of a tree." The tropical variety twines around tree branches, never hurting them.



Sea-onion will grow to weigh about 15 lb. Legend says that its juice, if properly prepared, cures many human ailments.



Strawberry jar is here used for growing piggy-back plants (top), begonias, African violets, ferns, ivy and sedums.



Shrimp Plant, so-called because of the shape and color of blossoms, likes southern exposure and plenty of moisture.



Primroses—white, rose, red, blue—came to the U. S. from China via England, can be grown indoors with great success.

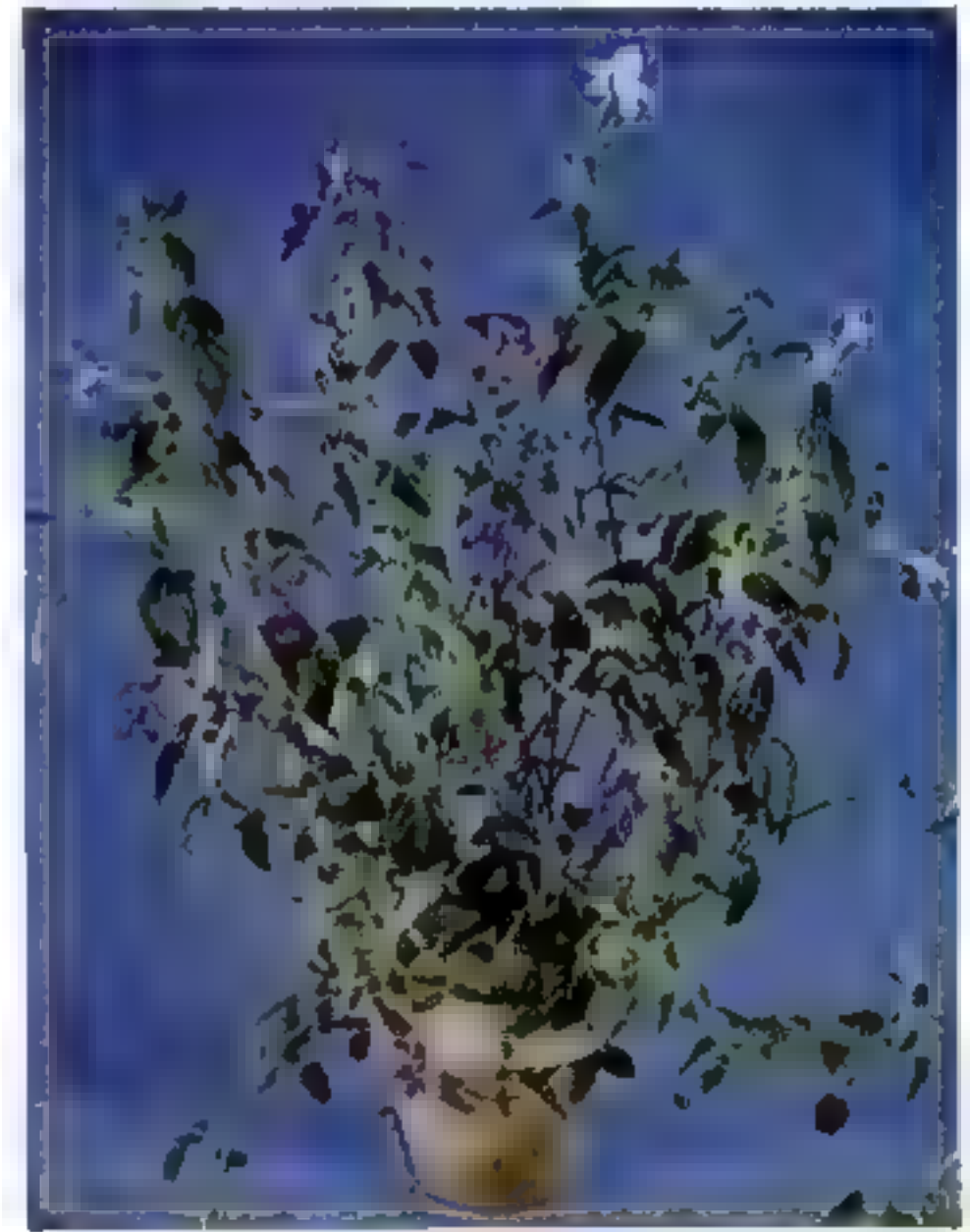


Summer blooms in winter with window garden like this one. Pots are set in trays resting on shelf over radiators.

Flowering plants are red begonias, African violets, ferns, ivy and sedums. Plants are set in trays resting on shelf over radiators.



Plentiful blooms can be coaxed from these hardy primroses if the roots are cramped and plants get plenty of water.



Browallia, a summer garden annual, will flower freely indoors if branches are trimmed. This plant is "B. speciosa."



Clorodendron has clusters of flowers, big glossy leaves, likes to climb, benefits from frequent spraying of foliage.



Begonias are ever-blooming, should be trimmed to keep them neat, bushy. Potted cuttings will flower in short time.



Ballet Girl is popular name for this fuchsia which grows to 10 ft. in California, 1 ft. in pots. It needs lots of water.



Begonia Haageana is distinguished for its very hairy leaves and stems and its delicately beautiful shell-pink flowers.



Begonia Lucerne has large blossom clusters where pollen-bearing male flowers grow next to seed-laden female flowers.



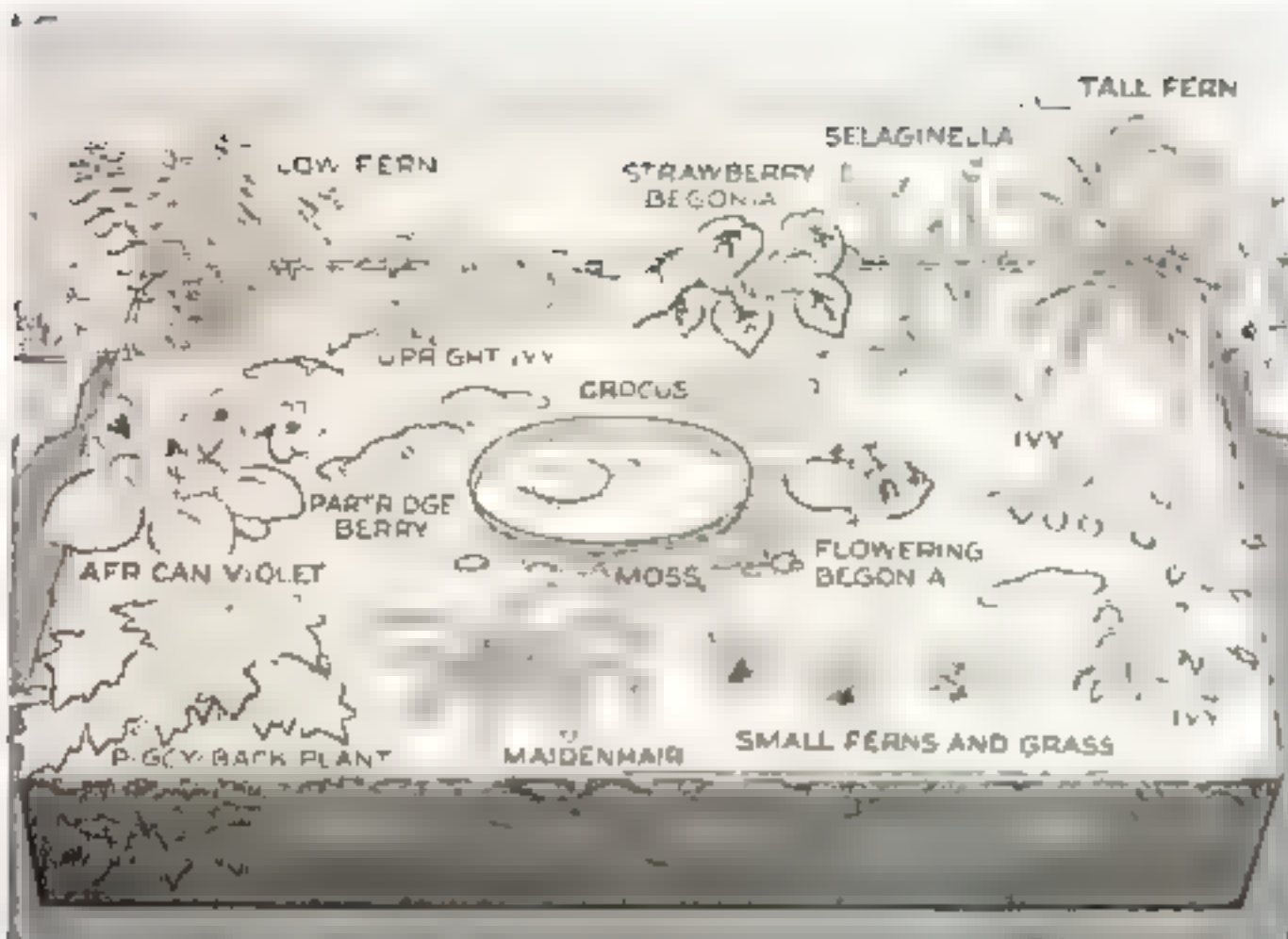
Geraniums thrive in coolish sunny rooms if not over-watered. Note the excited chameleon which stays green on red.



Little Beauty is name of this smooth-petalled fuchsia with brilliant, contrasting colors. Fuchsias grow wild in the mountain regions and the jungles of Venezuela, Colombia and Mexico.



Sensitive Plant is an apt name for this uncommon house plant. If tip of the leaf is handled, leaflets fold successively, a pair at a time, then the stalk goes limp, revives soon after.



Sample planting for an indoor rock garden built on a tray 24 in. by 18 in. Plants mentioned are but a few of numerous outdoor rock-garden plants that will grow indoors.

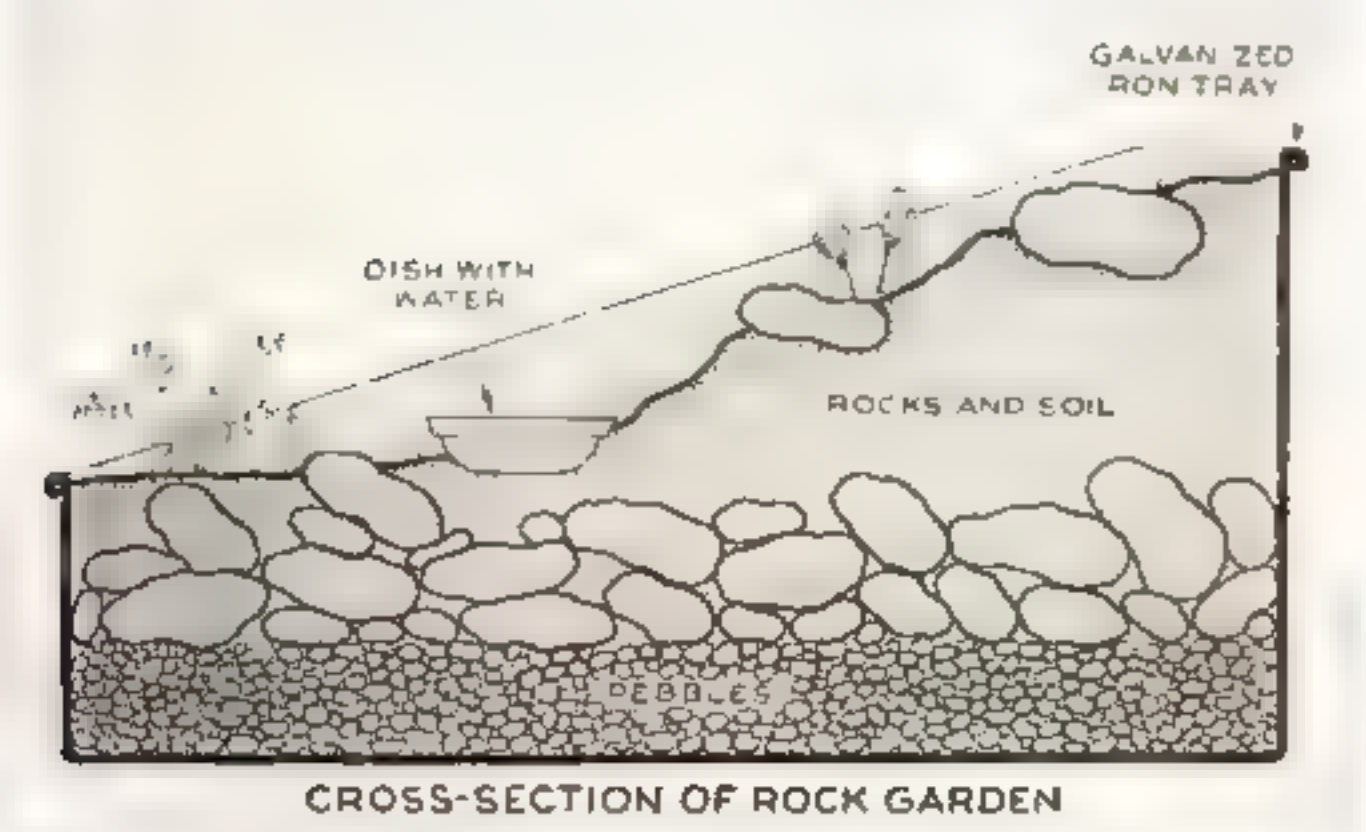
HOW TO MAKE AN INDOOR ROCK GARDEN

An indoor rock garden, complete with moss, ferns, ivies, worms, weeds, and one or more turtles, can easily be made by an ambitious gardener, according to Jean Hersey. Foundation for the garden is a tray of galvanized iron well soldered at corners so it won't leak. Tray can be made any size or shape to fit a desired location. The back of the tray should be about 8 in. high. Sides should slope gradually down to the front which should be about 4 in. high.

The cross-section below shows how the pebbles, rocks, dirt and plants should be placed in the tray. Here are Mrs. Hersey's hints on how to build an indoor rock garden: Select rocks about 8 in. long, 3 in. wide and very irregular. Get some small stones or pebbles for drainage at bottom and to wedge in among plants. Use good rich garden loam mixed with peat moss and leaf mold. First spread a few inches of pebbles at bottom for drainage. Then start building with rocks and soil, tucking earth well into pockets. Tip the rocks from front to back. Water will then run back and reach roots of plants that emerge from small crevices between stones. Keep the front part of the garden level. Sink a small dish in this flat area, fill with water, throw in a couple of small turtles. They'll live and love there and eat up any stray flies.

Numerous mosses, small grasses and tiny ferns, many with long Latin names, are ideal for indoor rock-garden growing. These are readily available at nurseries. They are excellent for filling up bare spots and growing between the rock crevices.

Hint from the editors. Give serious consideration to permanent location of rock garden before beginning to build. The "miniature" rock garden Miss Hersey built for LIFE weighed 100 lb.



Cross-section shows how to build miniature rock garden described above. When finished, throw in some pine cones, odd pieces of bark and watch the buds and bugs grow.



NEXT STOP..

Christmas!

On time, warm and relaxed, with extra dollars saved by Greyhound

This is the season when each husky Greyhound driver, each busy ticket agent, each overalled mechanic and white-collar clerk gets an extra thrill out of his job! Wouldn't you . . . doing your share to speed a million people home to happy reunions with family and friends? (Especially when you know you're saving each of them a nice pocketful of change for extra Christmas gifts, extra holiday fun!)

But it isn't only pleasure-bound people who have discovered the "June-weather" warmth of Greyhound Super-Coaches . . . the restfulness of multi-position reclining chairs. Business travelers also choose the safety, the comfort and low cost of Greyhound trips. It's the smart thing to do!

Sunny Southern beaches only a few hours away!



Smart limited schedules, optional routes to Florida, Gulf Coast, California

Mail Coupon to Nearest of these Greyhound Offices—

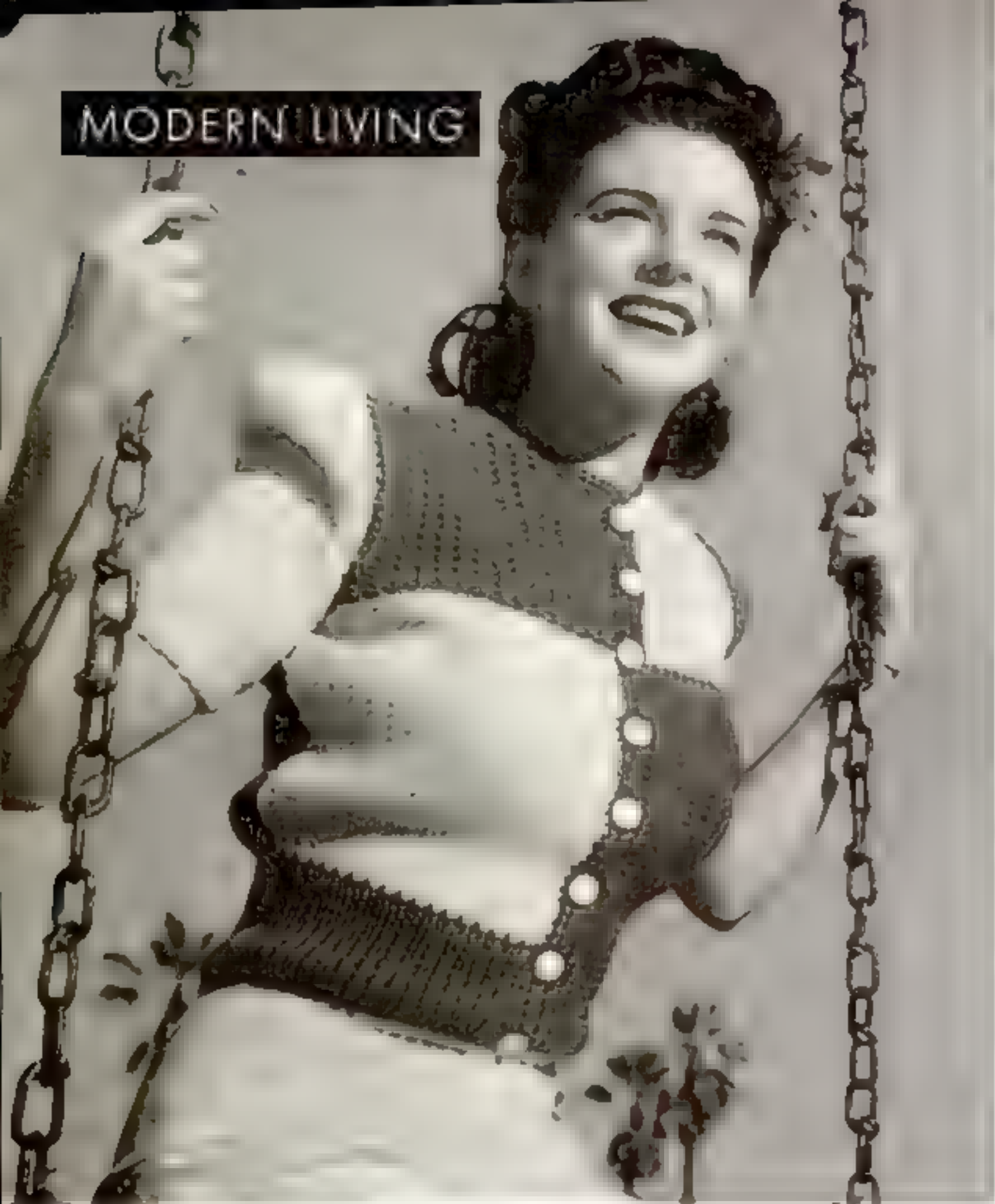
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Mail this to nearest information office, listed above, for bright picture of folder about trips to FLORIDA & GULF COAST, or CALIFORNIA & THE WEST. Please check the one desired. If you want rates and information about any particular trip, set down place you wish to visit on margin below.

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THIS CHECKERBOARD SWEATER IS A "JIFFY KNIT," CAN BE MADE IN TWELVE HOURS



THIS PULLOVER MADE WITH TRICK STITCH HAS DIFFERENT PATTERN ON UNDER SIDE

THE SMART AND THE YOUNG KNIT SWEATERS LIKE THESE

That knitting has now become the pastime of the smart and young is conclusively proved by the sweaters pictured on these pages.

When only spinsters and grandmothers knitted, whether for themselves or for their sons, the output was mostly functional and basic. Now with col-

lege girls, debutantes, career women and even Elsa the Borden Cow all taking to knitting, ready-made shops and yarn manufacturers have put new pep and zip in their wares and instructions. The results may make grandma blush but they have created a boom in the yarn industry.

MIDRIFF SWEATER CONSISTS OF TWO PIECES HELD TOGETHER BY CENTER TAB



BOUCLÉ WOOL, SILVER THREAD, ARE KNITTED TOGETHER IN THIS EVENING SWEATER





DUPLICATE STITCH IS USED TO MAKE THE INITIALS ON THIS CARDIGAN

Knitting, a pursuit that looks extremely complicated to the uninitiated, can be and frequently is mastered even by nitwits. Novices usually start with simple sweaters like the white one worn by the model above. Any of the sweaters on this page can be finished in from twelve to 36 hours' actual knitting time. For those eager to try their hand at duplicating any of these garments, knitting instructions are available.

IN 20 HOURS THIS DEEP V-NECK EVENING SWEATER CAN BE FINISHED



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

*Make this an
old-time Christmas!*

Give and Serve

**OLD
CROW**

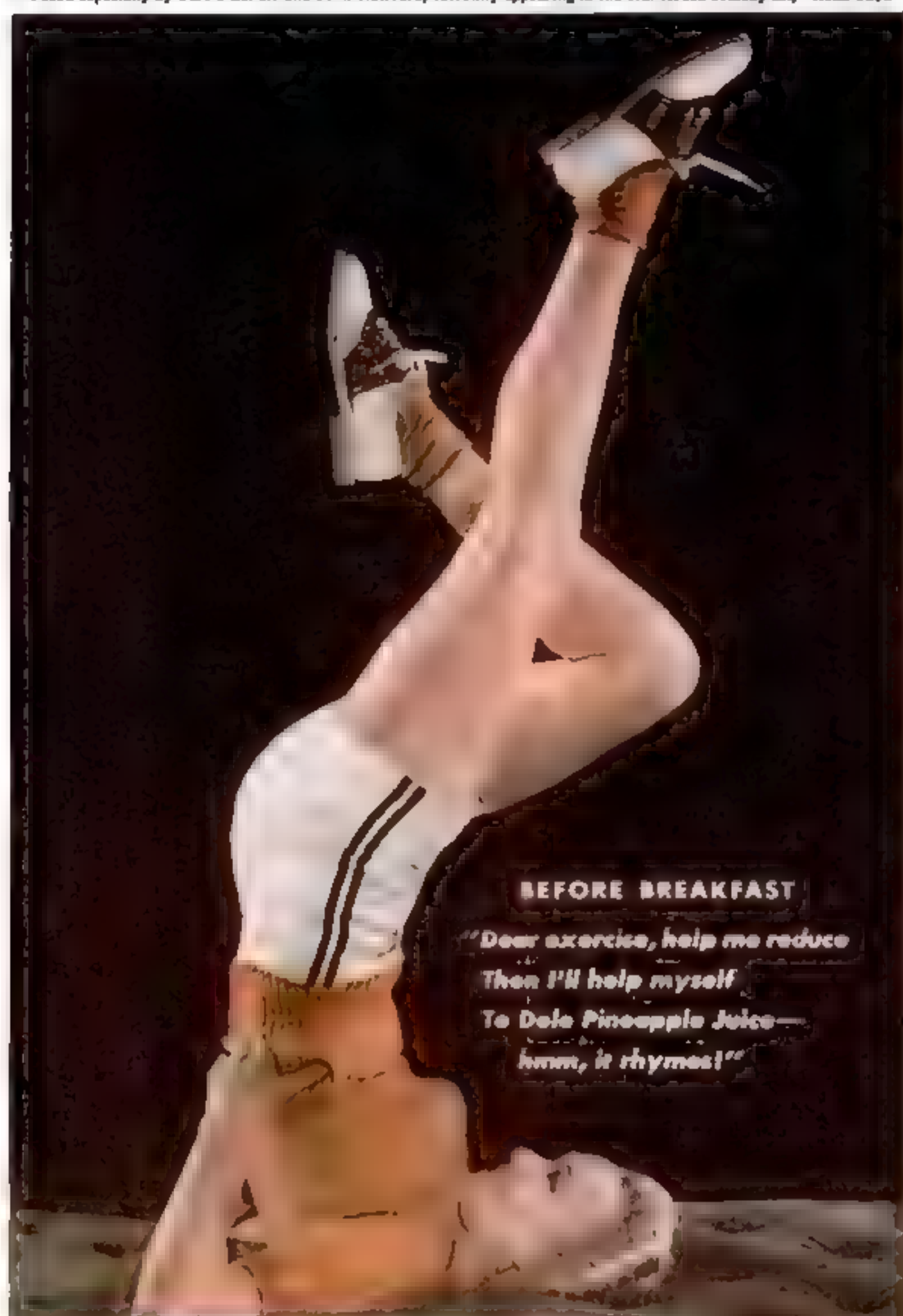
Black and Tan

Spring house, over 70 years old, at Old Crow Distillery, where original limestone spring used by founder James Crow is still in use.

A TRULY GREAT NAME
Among America's Great Whiskies

BOURBON OR RYE • KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY
NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION N. Y. • 100 PROOF

• Posed especially by Carole Landis and John Hubbard, currently appearing in the Hal Roach comedy hit, "Road Show"



BEFORE BREAKFAST

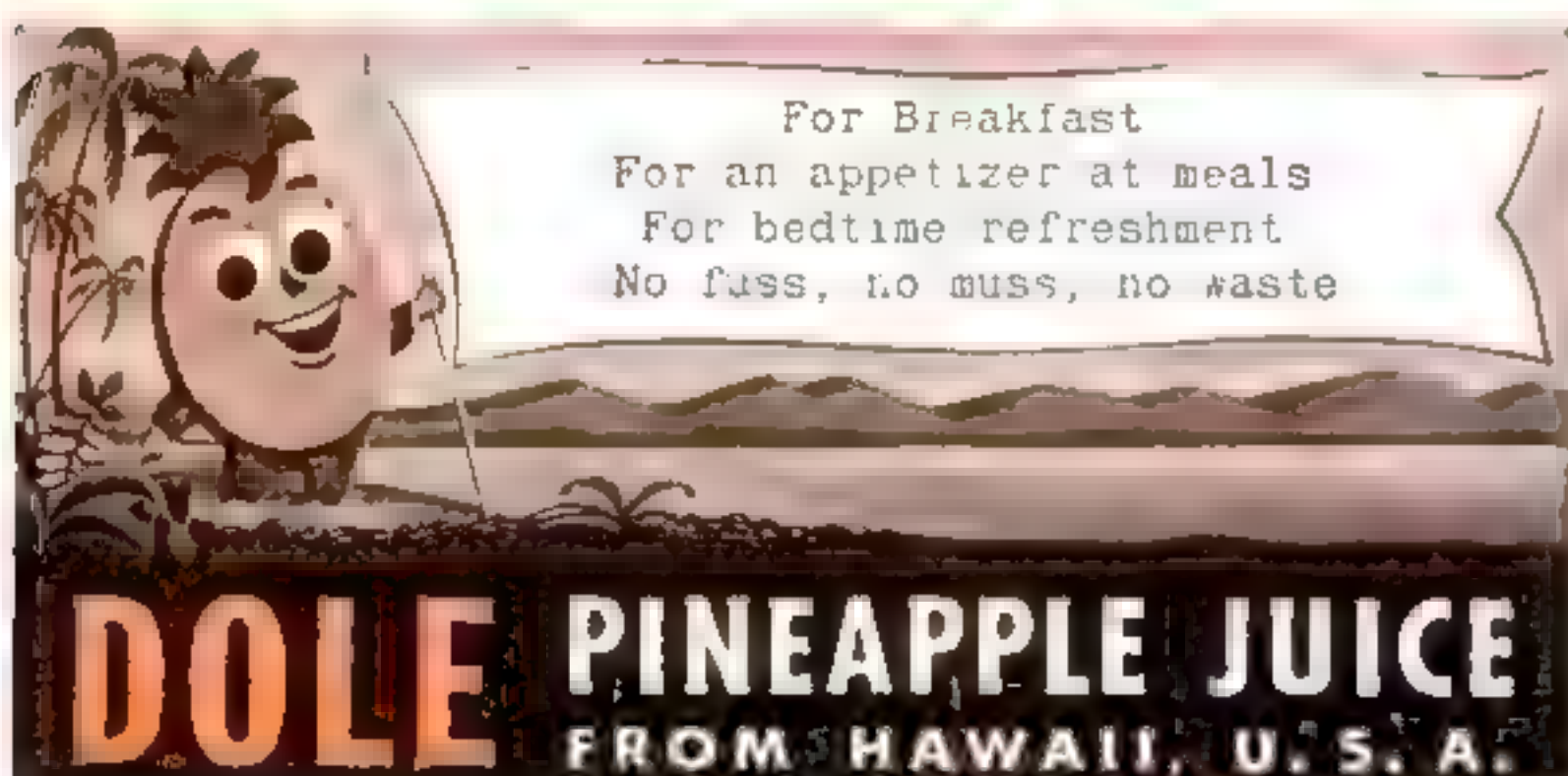
"Dear exercise, help me reduce
Then I'll help myself
To Dole Pineapple Juice—
hmm, it rhymes!"



MRS. "This Dole Pineapple Juice is the best part of my morning exercise."

MR. "You said it. How about another glass?"

THIS PURE, unsweetened juice of sun-ripe pineapples is growing fast in popularity as the breakfast drink. It never tires your taste. A good source of vitamins B and C and contains vitamin A.




Knitting (continued)



Skating outfit has brief pants, pull over top, cap, and thin rubber sole. The skirt is knitted in 22 layers of South Island for top seven for pants and can be knitted in 22 layers.



Lumberjacket is made of 2 ply heavy zephyr wool in stocknet stitch with large wooden needles. It requires ten skeins, costs about \$60, and can be finished in nine hours.



You Give the Spirit of 32 Delicious Holiday Toasts

... when you say
"Merry Christmas" with
a gift-wrapped quart
of TEN HIGH!

TEN HIGH STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OR STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY 90 PROOF
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.

Quickest Way to a Man's Heart



A PERFECT GIFT—box of 25 for little more than \$1. Choice of Invincible or Club House shape. Which do men prefer? It's a tossup—he'll be happy with either.

IF THERE'S A MAN IN YOUR LIFE . . . if a difficult male has shown up on your gift list—then give him cigars.

Wait, now—not just any brand. Be sure to please him by selecting those *new* Blended-with-Havana White Owl Cigars that particular men choose for themselves. He'll purr like a kitten when he tastes their rich Havana flavor . . . watch him beam with joy at their mellow mildness. Smart girl to have picked his favorite brand!

So easy to buy everywhere . . . look for the handsomest package in the store. Just write "White Owl" after all the men on your list—that leaves full time to think about gifts for the ladies.

*More men have enjoyed **WHITE OWL** than
any other cigar ever made in the United States*

HUNGER

AMERICANS FACE A TERRIBLE DECISION

It would not be a pleasant duty at any season to print or to look at these old World War and post-War pictures of starvation. It is particularly unpleasant at Christmas time. But it is a duty.

War-born hunger is once more clutching at stomachs in Spain, in Poland, in China. And in three months, six months, a year, pictures like these may again come to America, of starving Belgian, French, Dutch, Danish, Norwegian, Finnish children.

If they do, this suffering of the innocent will be on American consciences. Americans can, if they will, prevent it. True, one of the late Lord Lothian's final acts last week was to reaffirm Britain's refusal to let food be sent through its blockade to the conquered countries of Europe. And the U. S. Government, by Secretary Hall's declaration that Germany should be asked to feed its victims, again affirmed its acquiescence. But if enough Americans decide and demand that food should be sent, their aroused opinion could force their Government and thereby the British Government to reverse this stand.

Few responsibilities could be more terrible, few decisions harder. For the choice appears to be between deliberately letting innocent people starve and helping Hitler to win the war.

The argument that food sent into conquered countries would only be looted by Germany can be readily dismissed. Even Herbert Hoover, eagerest of would-be senders of food, proposes that distribution should be under strict neutral supervision, that only small quantities should be sent at one time, that the supply should be stopped at once if Germany seizes any of it.

Aside from the humanitarian issue, the basic arguments that have been advanced for and against sending food to the conquered peoples are as follows:

FOR

1. Food would win gratitude to the U. S. and Britain, help keep up faith in democracy.
2. Withholding of food would make the conquered peoples hate the U. S. and Britain, dispose them to accept Nazism.
3. American supervisors of food distribution would be a potent army of missionaries for the U. S. and democracy.
4. Famine-born plagues might leap the English Channel and the Atlantic Ocean.
5. A generation of Europeans stunted, debilitated and embittered by hunger would be a long-lasting source of future trouble.

AGAINST

1. Feeding conquered peoples would enable them to keep on working and producing for Germany.
2. Without U. S. food, hunger would drive them to riots and sabotage.
3. Freed from necessity of feeding her conquered subjects, Germany could preserve her own food supplies not only for eating but also for the manufacture of explosives and airplane plastics.

Last week a compromise proposal began to be talked about: that no attempt be made to feed the working populations of the conquered countries, but only the children, the old, the sick, and pregnant and nursing mothers. Others suggested that, since there is still much disagreement about Europe's food needs, a commission be dispatched to find the facts.



A RUSSIAN BOY IN SAMARA, HIS TEETH FALLEN OUT, LIES DYING OF SCURVY DURING THE GREAT FAMINE OF 1921



ON TABLES IN A RECEIVING STATION IN SUZULUK LIE THE CORPSES OF TWO DAYS' TOLL OF RUSSIAN FAMINE IN 1922



BRITISH PRISONERS AFTER GERMAN RELEASE IN 1919



HUNGER BLOATS THE BELLY OF SMALL RUSSIAN GIRL



Few people die of starvation. Before that point is reached, famine sufferers fall ready victims to disease. Survivors are usually stunted. The picture above shows a class of German 14-year-olds who lived through the British blockade of

1914-18. White line indicates normal average height at 14. It is against horrors shown in these pictures that Americans must steel their hearts if they decide that no price is too great to save future generations from Nazi slavery.

DENMARK TODAY



Germans have looted food from all the countries they have conquered. Here Danish cattle are being loaded for transfer to Germany. Danes have reportedly slaughtered 15% of their livestock because of lack of fodder once imported from U. S. and Argentina.



Danish pork once supplied many an English table. German captain on this pig is "Germany's food situation so dire" for several war years. Danish pigs go into Germany. In six weeks 300,000 Danish cattle and pigs were killed for lack of fodder.

POLAND TODAY



Street brawls over scraps of food are every-day affairs in conquered Poland. Germany is reportedly taking 3,000,000 tons of grain, 10,000,000 tons of potatoes and 150% of Polish butter supply from Poland this year. Thousands perished of hunger last winter.

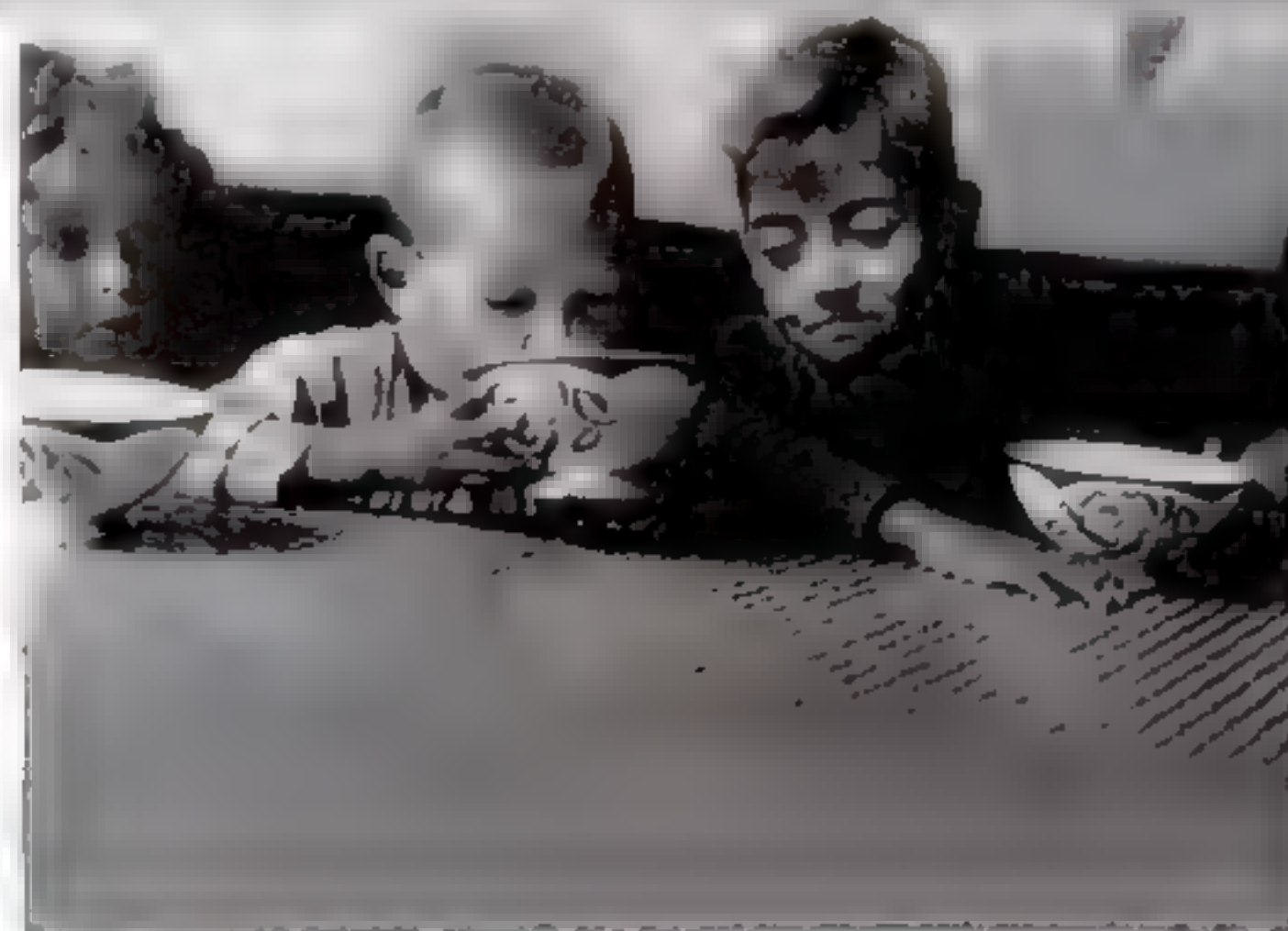


Americans, working through the Commission for Polish Relief, Inc., fed up to last month spent \$900,000 to distribute nearly 5,000,000 lbs. of food in Poland, mostly to children's institutions. Here they supervise unloading of a grain shipment in Warsaw.

FRANCE TODAY



American Quakers, with 50 representatives in the field, are feeding hungry children in Unoccupied France. These moppets are eating at a Quaker canteen in Lyons, where 5,000 people a day are being fed. The unoccupied zone has some 7,000,000 refugees.



Scarce in France are meat, butter, cheese, eggs, sugar, coffee, chocolate. Unoccupied France is empty a vast and fertile. All grain, meat and milk stores are in German-occupied north. Quakers say unoccupied zone will be hungry in Europe this winter.



SPAIN TODAY

Hunger is old stuff in Spain, whose war began four years ago. Pellagra is common. Spain's situation is epitomized in caption which accompanied this picture of meager display in a Burgos butcher shop after the war. "Life in Spain returns to normal."



This Spanish "breadline" consists of pails and pitchers left by their owners outside a milk-dispensing station. Rationing is strictly observed. Franco has just made deal to get some food from Britain, is asking for a \$100,000,000 U. S. credit to buy food here.



AMERICA TODAY

The best-fed people in the world are now unquestionably the Americans. The great variety of their foods is shown in this picture. Comparison of current Belgian and German ration allowances with the U. S. "average man's" diet shows that while

the European, conquered and conqueror, stuffs himself with bread and potatoes, the American gets 2 to 3 times as much meat, fats, eggs and sugar. And while the American gets 3 1/2 qt. of milk a week, only babies, children and pregnant mothers get it in Europe.



Happy soldiers and their girls
play "Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake"



Movies are shown regularly in most U. S. Army posts. Some theaters are elaborate brick buildings. Others are huge winterized circus tents, seating 2,000. Here enlisted men at

Fort Benning, near Columbus, Ga. sit outdoors in cold Southern night watching Judy Garland sing *I'm Nobody's Baby* in *Andy Hardy Meets Debutante*. Movies usually cost 10¢ to 25¢.

ARMY MORALE IT MUST BE KEPT HIGH TO TURN SOLDIERS INTO GOOD FIGHTERS

The life of an American soldier this winter will be tough and vigorous. He is in the Army solely to become a good fighter. To make sure he becomes one, the Army will be working him harder than he ever has been worked in his life. Up at 6 a. m. in the bitter bleakness of an Army camp, he will learn to march and maneuver over frozen, snow-covered roads, shoot on a wind-swept range, do dirty jobs in the construction and policing of his post.

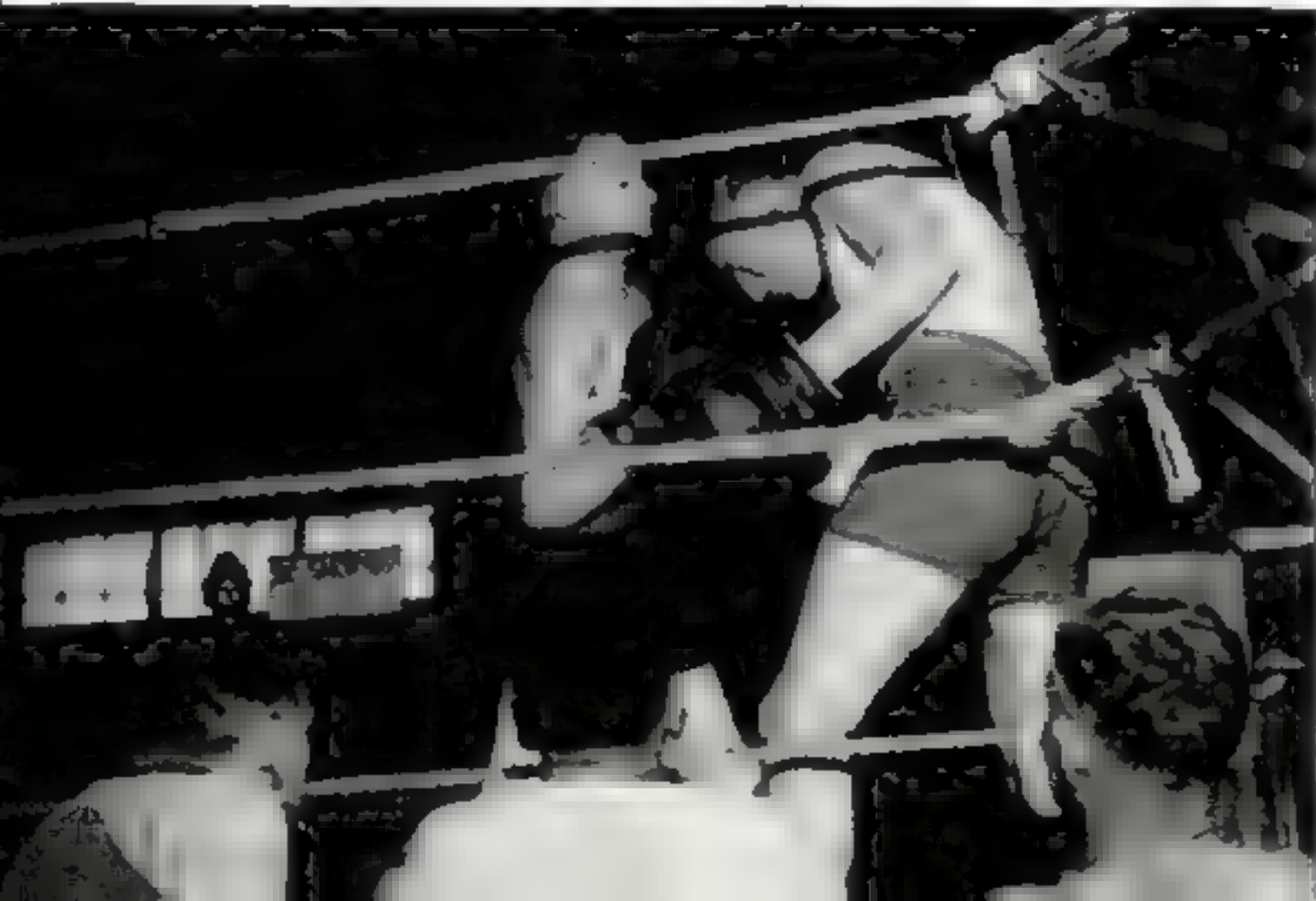
But the Army knows there is more to making good fighters out of its soldiers than merely working them hard. Above all, their morale must be kept high. They must be kept happy and busy. They must be given warm places to sleep, good food to eat, adequate pay and comfortable clothes. Also, they must have some recreation. For this purpose, in every Army camp there will be movies and libraries, reading rooms and facilities for sports and hobbies. For these things, the post commander has a special fund. At some posts there are

even dances, like the one at left held once a week at New York's Fort Hamilton.

Army morale is today a more difficult problem than it was in World War I. Then each soldier in every camp had a burning incentive to fight. After he worked hard and learned a lot, he was put aboard a transport, shipped off for the great adventure in France. Now the issues are not so clearly drawn. The Army's purposes are confused, many of its soldiers not even understanding why they are being trained. With the country at peace, they lack an incentive for such training.

To this problem, the approach of many Washington intellectuals is unrealistic. Harking back to William James's *Moral Equivalent of War*, they talk piously of good deeds which soldiers may do during peacetime. Luckily the Army itself is more hard-boiled. Preparing for war, it knows that if soldiers are given plenty of adventure books and detective magazines, a few boxing matches and movies, and time off for leave with occasional vacations, they will be reasonably happy.

Boxing is most popular sport. Each company has a champion. Here Private W. G. Edward, Company F, 29th Infantry, crowds Private H. D. Klatt, 29th Infantry M. P., into ropes.



Every pool table at Fort Benning is busy at night. In other rooms and tents soldiers play cards or musical instruments, read books and magazines, rehearse plays, sing, tell stories.





STRIP-TEASER
Shapely No. 1 dancer
performs for the boys

THE ARMY STILL

One day last summer a Methodist clergyman stood before the U. S. Senate Committee on Military Affairs, earnestly argued against the draft. Said he passionately: "Conscription takes boys shortly out of high school—boys who all their lives have been trained to respect women—and places them in situations where the absence of normal contact with girls induces a mass lust which has always characterized army units."

Senator Schwartz: "What?"

Clergyman: "Mass lust. I will clarify that."

Senator Schwartz: "Justly." "That is not necessary. That is clear enough. You need not amplify it."

Up to last week the clergyman's fears had not yet been realized. Nor were they likely to be. The truth is



Jitterbug Estelle Clark, 17-year-old Woodstock, Miss., is dancing with Private Trooper Pete Peters. Living in Columbus, Ga., Estelle attends most Fort Benning dances.



Sister-type is pretty Kathleen Cody, 17, who goes to high school, has permanent invitation to enlisted men's dances at Fort Hamilton. Behind her is part of the soldiers' post band.

LIKES THE GIRLS

that soldiers in Army camps, far from yielding to mass lust, are behaving much as they would have behaved at home. However, the Army can't deny that girls and sex, now as always, loom large in the minds of its soldiers.

The pictures on these pages show some of the women whom soldiers last week were meeting. At camp, dances were carefully regulated by Army hostesses (right). To these dances came, perhaps, sisters, best girls (below). On leave, soldiers' contacts were less exemplary. Some were inclined to patronize burlesque houses (far left) and dance halls (left). If they want to visit red-light districts, the Army gives its tacit acceptance provided they patronize Army-inspected houses, stop at a prophylactic station on way home.



Dance Hostess Wilda Willis, 23, moved to New York from New Orleans, now works from 8:30 p. m. to 1:30 a. m. at the Roseland Ballroom. She likes soldiers, does not jiggering.



The soldiers' best girls also come to the Army dances. Here Private Wyckliff Sampson kisses Ruth Beard goodnight before she takes the bus from Fort Benning to Columbus.



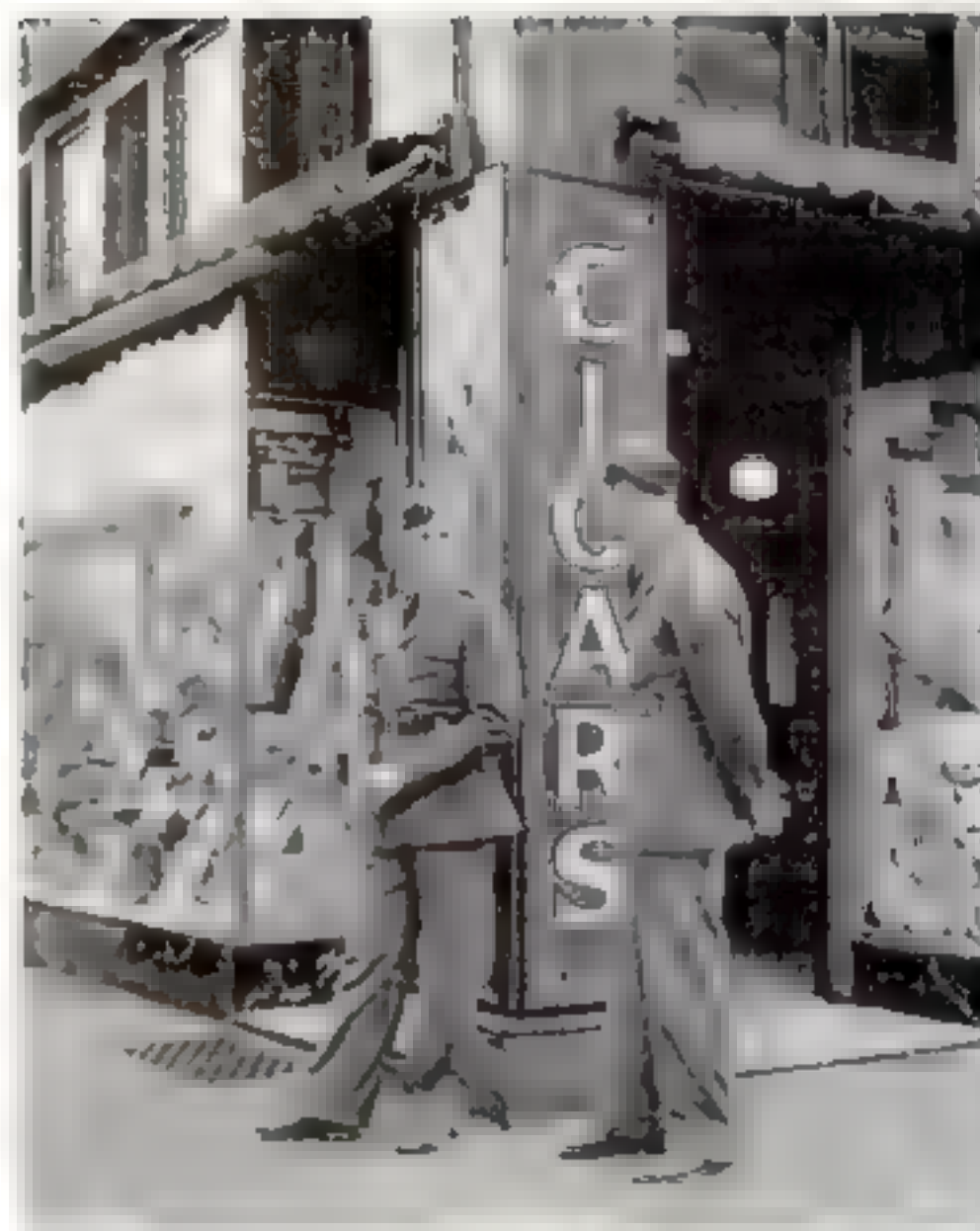
ARMY HOSTESS
Ethel Logan arranges parties for the boys



1 Looking north on Main Street, from steps of the State Capitol, Columbia is busy and prosperous, like all Army towns.



2 The bus from Camp Jackson lands the soldiers at the corner of Main and Gervais. They get out looking perplexed.



3 Soldiers stand and talk. Actually few of them would be happy anywhere except in their own home town.



5 In park surrounding the State Capitol, two soldiers stop to talk with a pretty girl, discuss the merits of an old cannon.



6 In the Y. M. C. A. on Saturday, the brigade teams from Camp Jackson play scheduled games. Soldiers stop to watch.



7 The 5 o'clock feeling is the low point of the day. A soldier, leaning against a lamppost, wonders what to do.



11 Bowling uses up considerable time. In this group of girls and soldiers, Mary King (bowling, right) is the champion.



12 After dark, still standing on a corner, two soldiers buy ice-cream cones, again mournfully discuss what there is to do.



13 At Metropolitan Cafe, soldiers drink beer, while an M. P. stands outside, making sure there is no trouble.

NO SOLDIER IS LONELIER THAN A SOLDIER ON LEAVE

Columbia, S. C. is a small city of 55,000 people. Sprawled on its outskirts, big and tumultuous, is the Army's Camp Jackson. Most of the time the camp's 25,000 soldiers stay on the post, working hard during the day, playing cards, going to movies, talking, and reading at night. Carefully, however, they save their money, waiting to go into Columbia. There, they think, they may recapture for a short while the forbidden freedom of civilian life.

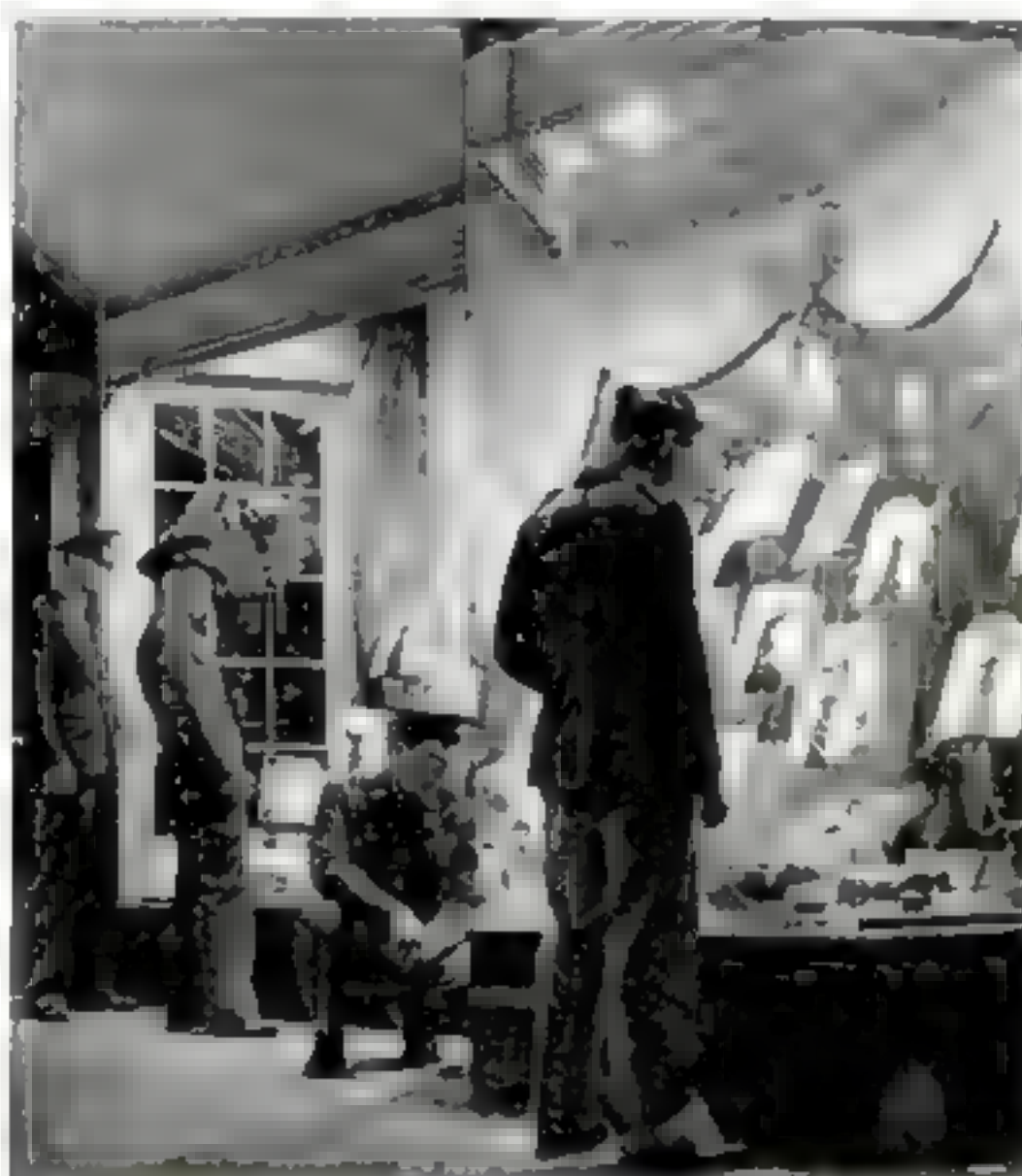
Unfortunately there is no romance in Columbia. What actually happens when the soldiers get there proves that no soldier is lonelier than a soldier on leave. Like all small cities near big Army camps, Columbia offers little for the men to do. Its citizens do not mix with the soldiers. Many of its prettiest and most respected girls (afraid of the unfortunate tradition that no nice girl goes out with a soldier unless he is an officer) refuse the soldiers' invitations. Instead of excitement and glamor, the men find miles of lampposts and sidewalks, some drugstores and movies, howling alleys, a hamburger stand, a haberdasher selling civilian clothes. A few of them, desperate for excitement, drop out to a roadhouse, pick up whatever girls they can find. Most of them, however, after wandering up and down town, return to camp long before their leave is up.



4 Whistling at pretty girls as they flutter by is another way of passing the time. Soldiers' habits are like the habits of millions of boys on thousands of street corners everywhere.



8 M. P.'s check in at local police station before evening patrol of town. Unpopular, they are most necessary.



9 In brightly lit shopwindows soldiers stare at civilian apparel which they would like to purchase if they had the money.



10 Dinner on leave consists of a hamburger at a diner. Usually there is a pretty waitress with whom soldiers like to gab.



14 Some soldiers are lucky enough to know nice girls in town. They may be invited to raid the icebox.



15 Certain houses and districts are placed out of bounds by Army. Should he be caught there, a soldier is disciplined.



16 Hitchhiking home, broke and tired, soldiers are still convinced that next time they'll have more fun in Columbia.



Impromptu singing and dancing while away hours in Fort Benning Chaplain's Service Hut. Here Oscar Russell dances a jig to *She'll Be Coming Round the Mountain*.

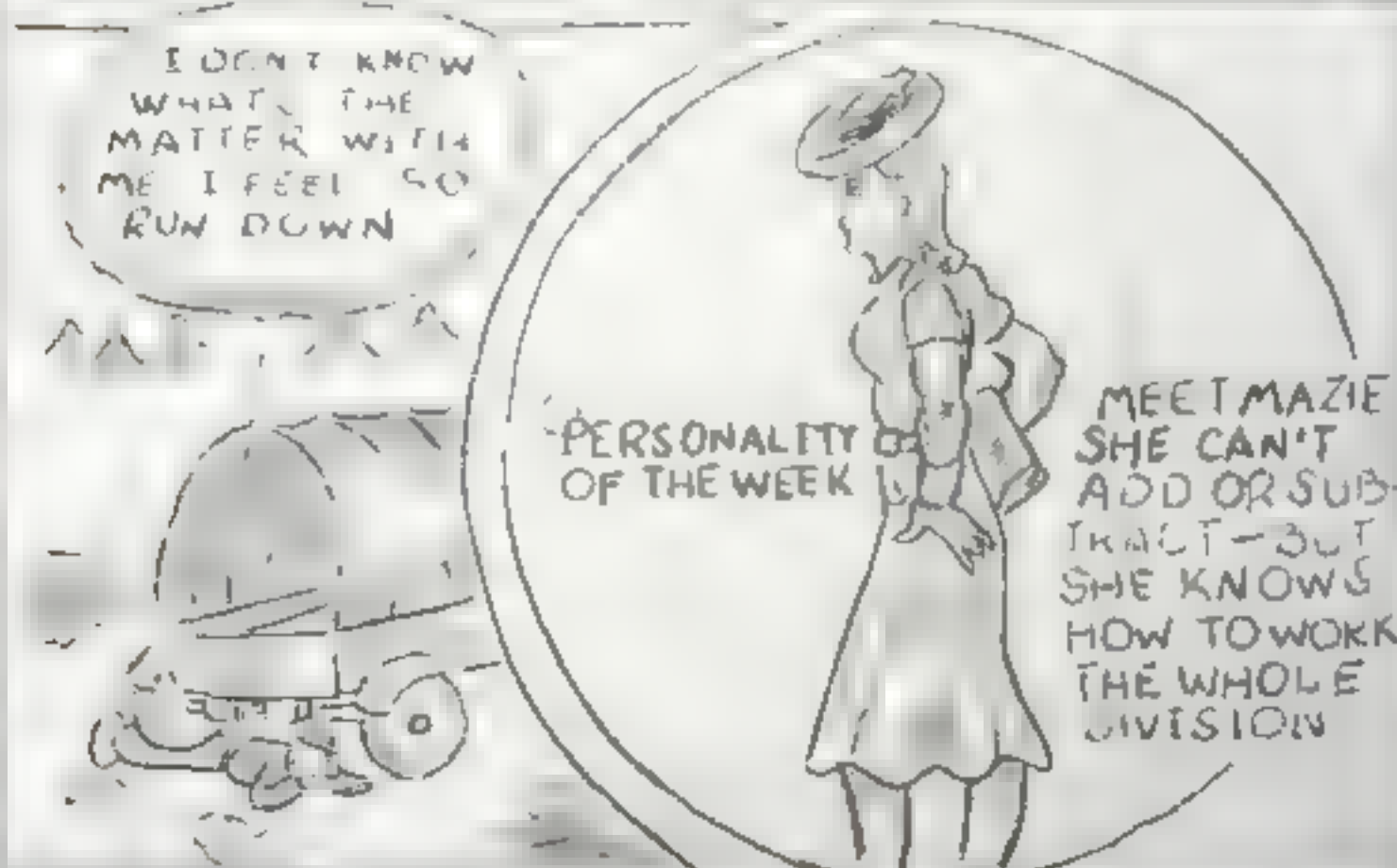
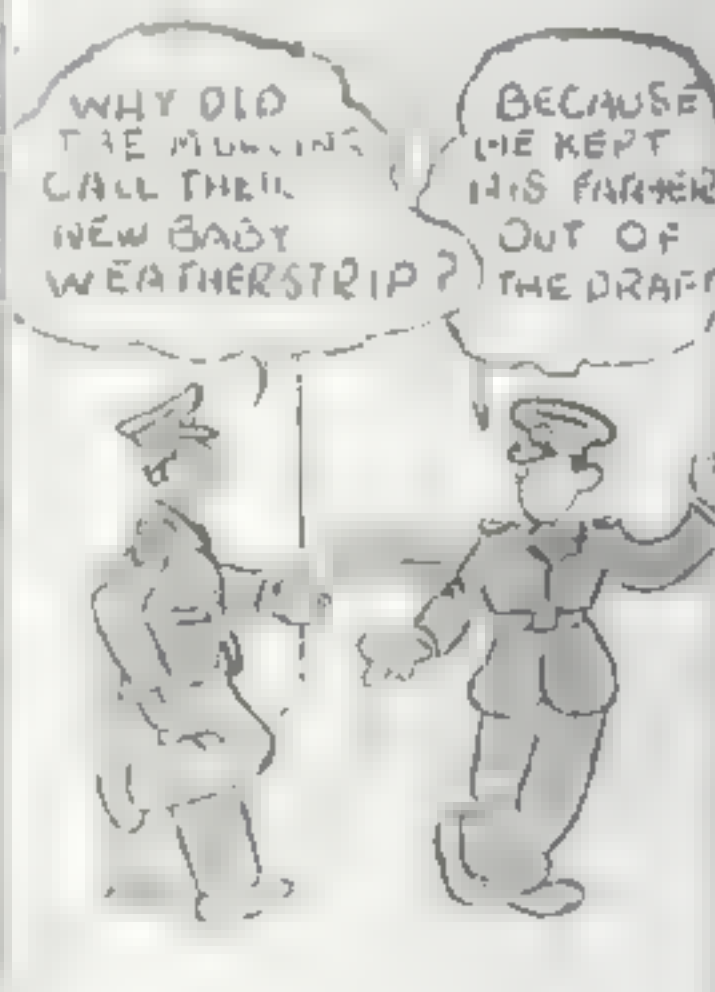
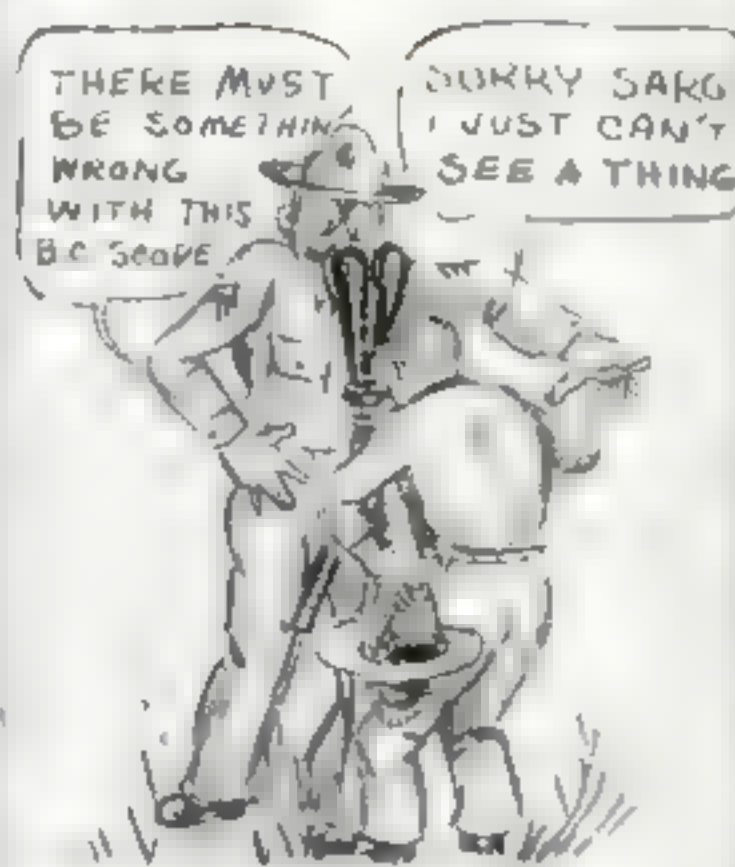
SOLDIER-BOY HUMOR AGAIN BLOSSOMS IN ARMY CAMPS

Out of World War I came an entirely new school of American humor. Such classics as *Biltmore Orzfeld* by J. Thorne Smith and *Dere Mable* by E. Streeter, along with thousands of camp cartoons and camp jokes, spread the pitiable tale of the soldier-boy rookie across the country. Last week, from scores of Army camps designed to produce soldiers for World War II, came evidence that soldier-boy humor was once again blossoming. Most of the jokes and cartoons were atrociously bad. But they showed, just as the last war showed, that even in dirt and dullness and despair the spirit of the American doughboy is eternally resilient. Some of the best of these cartoons, gathered from Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C., are shown at right.

Last week, over Northern Army camps, snow blew cold and silent. In the South it rained. But even in the snow and slush of winter, Army morale was amazingly high. National Guardsmen, volunteers and draftees were still caught up in the excitement of a new job. They worked hard for long hours. They slept soundly at night. Even soldiers of the tough Regular Army, long accustomed to grumbling about pensions and lack of promotions, pitched into construction and training work with new enthusiasm. But for all of them, the dark days were still ahead. Soon the excitement of Army life will wear off. Soon there will be nothing but long days of dull training routine. Some soldiers, having time to think, may well ask "Why are we doing all this?" At such a time, the Army must have a well-planned program for recreation and leave. Without it, morale will start downhill. And without high morale, there can be no good Army.



Thriller and detective magazines are soldiers' favorite. For novels, they like Western stories by Zane Grey and Max Brand, murder mysteries by Agatha Christie.





Regular Army First Sergeant Iasie M. Tremper, stationed at Fort Dix, N.J., knows all the tricks. His quarters are rigged up with radio, boot shelves, tool chest, clock and numerous gadgets. Because the Regular Army has been so consistently kicked around during peacetime, it is more likely to be disgruntled than the National Guard.

New volunteer like this one, about Camp Dix knows none of the tricks. His tent in camp's isolation area is bare and empty. Unlike Army regulars, who get disgruntled because of the best of a prevailing situation, National Guardsmen, new volunteers, and draftees complain loudly about what they found here. Result is a poorer condition.



CLOSE



LANA TURNER

SHE WAS SIPPING A STRAWBERRY MALT WHEN FAME WALKED IN TO MAKE HER THE MOVIE SWEATER GIRL

by NIVEN BUSCH

The sharp-faced man with the little black mustache kept looking over at the young girl. She was playing hooky—that much was clear. It was a Tuesday, and not yet 3 p. m. Her books were lying on the counter beside the strawberry malt. She looked about second-year-high-school age or third, maybe—the red sweater she was wearing was painted with white school emblems. Besides the sweater she had on a beret, a tight-fitting sports skirt and high-heeled shoes. She was well set up. Every time the man with the mustache looked at her she lowered her eyes the way a young girl is supposed to do but when he finally came round the counter and spoke to her, she removed her lips from the straw, regarding him calmly. "How would you like to be in pictures?" he inquired.

Both the scene and the man's opening line are stencils, repeated many times each day in Hollywood drugstores. What made notable the meeting that occurred in the Top Hat Malt Shop, Sunset and Highland, on a January afternoon in 1936, was not dialog or business but superior casting. The man with the mustache was William Wilkerson, editor and publisher of the *Hollywood Reporter*, a motion-picture trade journal; the girl in the sweater was Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner—better known today as Lana Turner. Men often use that come-on chatter about pictures but to the young girl there was something different about Editor Wilkerson—the easy, unconcerned way he walked up to her, his expensive-looking suit and the snappy, professional way he asked the old, old question.

For several moments after Mr. Wilkerson had left the Top Hat, the red-haired girl sat on her stool, studying her empty glass. Her thoughts were in a whirl. After a while she got her lipstick out and made up her lips, then took her check and paid it. With a nickel of the change she called her mother.

"Why aren't you in school?" demanded Mrs. Turner.

"Teacher was sick so we got out early," lied the red-haired girl. "Listen, mother . . ."

She reported what had happened. Standing at the pay phone in her place of employment, the Lois Williams Beauty Salon, Mrs. Turner listened wearily.

"You'd better go home, dear," she said at length. "A man like that is liable to be no good—no good in the world."

"He's not here now, mother," said the Turner girl. "He gave me his card. He seemed as if he had lots of influence."

"You'd better go home, dear," said Mrs. Turner.

"I will, but first I'm going to catch a show," Mrs. Turner's daughter said. "By, dear." She blew some kisses into the phone.

"Goodby," said Mrs. Turner slowly. She hung up and turned to the customer under the drier.

"That girl of mine," she said. "Always thinking about motion pictures."

"She's awful pretty, Milly," said the customer. "Whenever she comes in here I think, my, but what a pretty girl she is. She might make it."

"I don't know," Mrs. Turner said. "Sometimes I don't know at all."

She began to take the curlers out of the lady's hair.

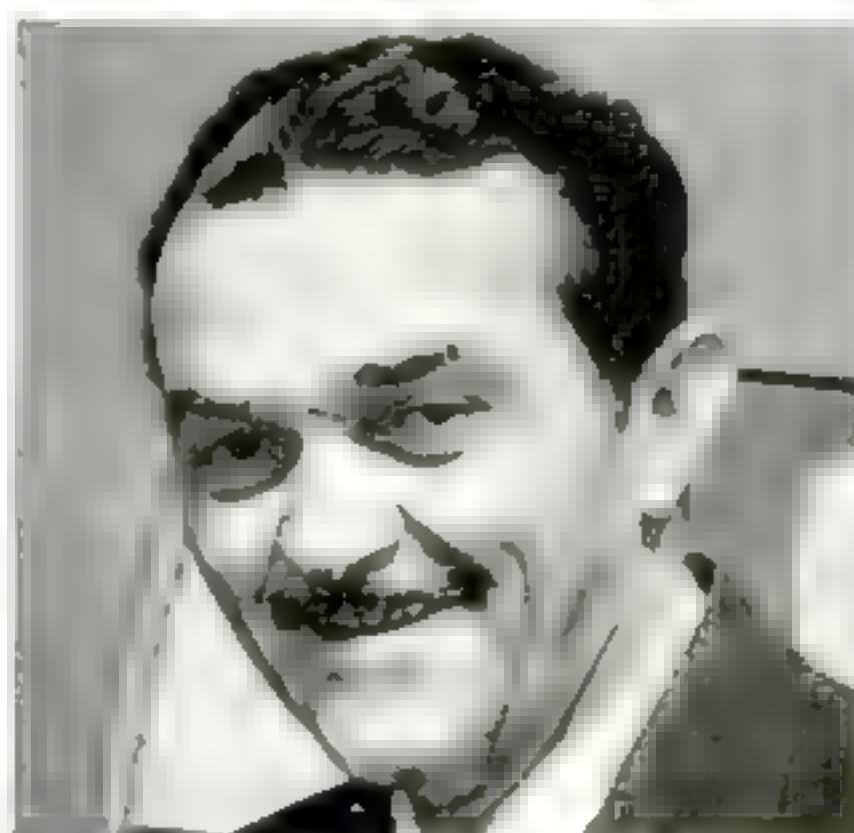
Hollywood traditions alter fast. In the once-gaudy oligarchy of female stars, young women of serious dramatic training, like Bette Davis and Luise Rainer, and of polite social background like Rosalind Russell and Katharine Hepburn, had made names for themselves. A well-placed hot-foot was becoming less and less approved as a Hollywood form of drawing-room wit and even male stars had been completely weaned from dope and almost so from liquor. Looming on the horizon was an epoch in which modesty would be so much the hallmark of class that the Great Faces would be seen only in station wagons, bound to or from the walnut ranches, peach orchards and stud farms where their private lives are hidden away.

Rarely indeed does an exception interrupt the trend. Rarely does somebody without a day's experience in a group theater, a finishing school, or a committee for the relief of foreign refugees knock over an important place in a business providing weekly entertainment for 55,000,000 people and attracting an annual gross of one billion dollars. Yet such a person Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner has turned out to be. Since the afternoon of

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Lana Turner at 8 was this chubby, carrot-headed figure trudging up a steep hill in San Francisco where her impoverished mother worked in the Ritz beauty parlor. Ten years later Lana—who has wanted to be a star and then fashion designer—became a movie starlet.



Sharp-eyed William Wilkerson, publisher of a motion-picture trade journal, spotted Lana four years ago as she imbibed a soda in Hollywood malt shop.



Producer Mervyn LeRoy, who promoted Ginger Rogers, Loretta Young, gave Lana first part in *They Won't Forget*.

IN DRAWING ROOM OF HER HOLLYWOOD HOME, LANA SERVES TEA TO BETTY ASHER





He says P only... in prose that sings... n drawings thrifty of line. What Don Herald says about good food and good wine rates high, too, among his friends in the Society of Amateur Chefs where he "roasts" and "roasts" with

TAYLOR

In wines the name Taylor stands for "good taste." Taylor achieves wine perfection by choosing "pedigreed" grapes... and "capturing" the glorious full flavor of these choice grapes by Taylor's famous Cellar Treatment. Your guests will enjoy Taylor Wines—there's such a noticeable difference! Ask for Taylor's when you dine out... or at package stores for home use.

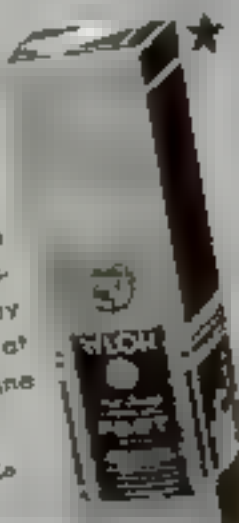
From a renowned Dry Wine District. Clear, with delicate taste. Taylor's Sauternes... Dry or Haut slightly sweeter!... are ideal companions for fine food.

★ Alcohol 10% by Volume

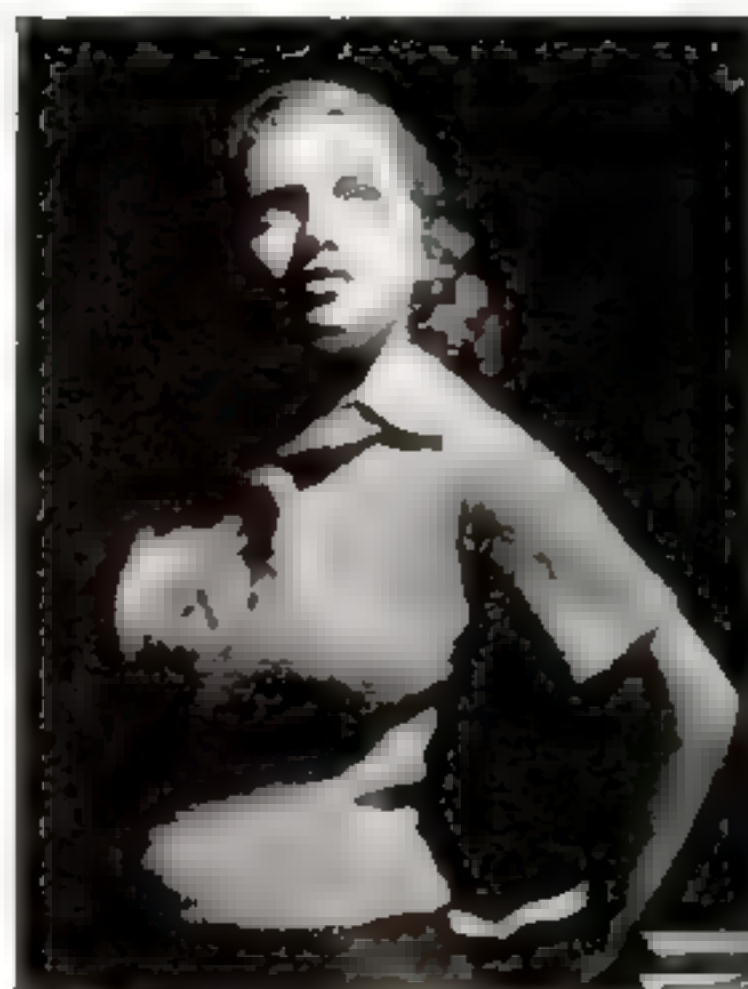


Live with joy! stars sparkling and dancing. Taylor's New York State Champagne adds verve to any occasion. For gaiety and good cheer establish the mood with Taylor's Champagne—a Toast to joyous Holidays.

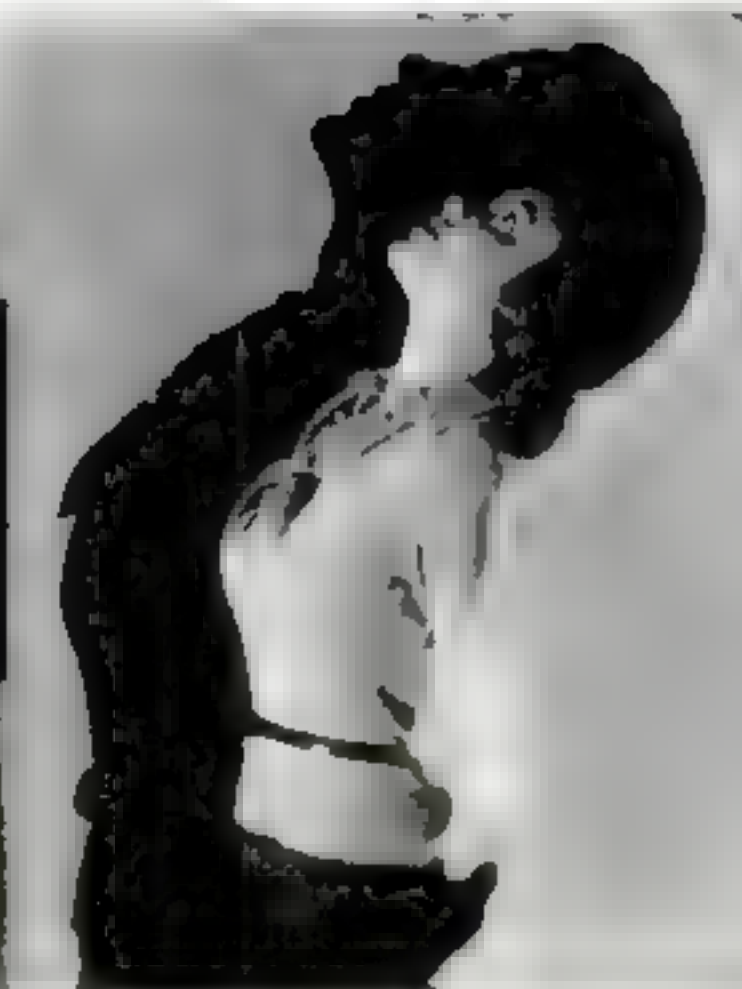
For a real "friend-to-friend" Christmas greeting extend your best wishes with a bottle of Taylor's—or with an assorted case in gay Holiday cartons in most states at no extra cost! Taylor Wine Co., Hammondsport, N.Y. Copyright 1940 Taylor Wine Co.



HOW TO POSE LANA



The early publicity pictures of Miss Turner successfully emphasized her title of Sweater Girl, which she won in her first picture, *They*



Won't Forget. In her most memorable scene, she won fans by the simple device of walking down a street in a tight-fitting sweater.

LANA TURNER (continued)

the strawberry soda, she has failed to distinguish herself in any solidly constructive fashion, yet the U. S. public will soon see her in the best role of the biggest picture to be released by the industry's biggest company within the next few months—the part of Sheila Regan in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Ziegfeld Girl*. Although her favorite color is red, her temperament unstable, and her education limited to three months of second-year high, she is now making \$1,250 a week as stipulated in the second-year clause of a seven-year contract which in five more years will be paying her \$4,500 every seven days. She is regarded by her employers as the most important of their youngsters and described by Lillian Burns, the company's dramatic coach, as "the most brilliant girl I've ever taught."

Lana becomes the Sweater Girl

Not brilliance but a quality less commonplace is Lana Turner's main stock-in-trade. She had made only a few pictures when it became evident to specialists in such matters that she represented Something. She was the Sweater Girl. She was Young America's idea of what a motion-picture starlet ought to be. Maybe she didn't look like the average high-school girl, but she looked like what the average high-school boy wished the average high-school girl looked like. She was the girl with whom the enlisted men of any U. S. battleship would like best to be cast up on a desert island. The proprietor of Beverly Hills's famed Tropics Restaurant concocted a rum drink for her, christening it "Untamed." The Royal Hawaiian Hotel of Honolulu created "Baked Potato a la Lana." Lana has achieved still other, more formal honors: She is the sweetheart of Phi Delta Theta, Beta Theta Pi, Sigma Pi, Alpha Tau Omega and 36 other fraternities; 2,500 students of Los Angeles City College voted her "The Girl They Would Like Best To Marry;" she was offered half of Pitcairn Island by Judd Boulton, its resident, if she would come there; she has been asked to accept such positions as Queen of the Dartmouth College winter carnival, Honor Guest at the Princeton house parties. Spying a handwagon, Walter Winchell named her "America's Sweater Sweetheart."

For such a national reception Lana Turner's actual screen record is surprisingly slim. She has appeared in minor roles in two big pictures (the girl who was murdered in *They Won't Forget* and a Germanic dancer in *Marco Polo*), and leads or second leads in several good but minor productions including *Dancing Co-ed*, *Two Girls on Broadway* and a couple of items in the Dr. Kildare and Andy Hardy series. None of her performances made her a candidate for the Academy Award, their importance lay in the reactions conveyed by fan-mail letters and the cards on which, at pre-

views, studios invite audiences to express their opinions. "Okay, Lana Turner! Give us more," the cards said. "Zowie!... Send more Turner!... Put a sweater on her!... Boy, oh, boy..." Wrote a group of fans: "Miss Turner, we are students of Alhambra High. We have a sort of club. We want a picture of you in a glamorous pose. You know what we mean."

On Lana the tag Sweater Girl had been hung without professional guidance, a natural derivative of the costume worn by her in her second scene in her first picture, Mervyn LeRoy's *They Won't Forget*. That scene consisted mostly of a 75-ft. dolly shot of her as she hurried along a crowded street in a small Southern town. Lana didn't have to act, she just walked along wearing a tight-fitting sweater. There was nothing prurient about the shot but the male U. S. found it more stimulating than a year's quota of chorus girls dancing in wampum loin cloths. As far as is known, it profoundly shocked only one person—Lana Turner. She was 16. She knew she had a good-looking body but she hadn't thought much about it. The subdued but delighted sounds that emanated from the preview audience made her feel shy. After the show she went home quickly without talking to anybody. Since then she has bitterly opposed not only her tag but also the cause of it. She refuses to wear a sweater in front of a camera, even for advertising stills, and usually objects to garments which reveal or emphasize her pectoral development. When required to wear a décolleté evening gown in *Ziegfeld Girl*, she had her wardrobe girl fuss round with pins to make it higher.

The U. S. says hello to Lana

The reception accorded LeRoy's famed dolly shot was a kind that few actresses achieve. The U. S. was saying hello, welcoming in its large and uncouth but natural way a quality it wanted—offering an honor, not an insult. The boys in the Coast Guard stations and the Express Mail cars hitched to the night fliers were not insulting Clara Bow and Jean Harlow when they pasted their pictures on the wall. Even if Lana Turner achieves all the dramatic prowess which the studio anticipates, it must always be remembered that she came in right, on the ground floor.

At the time she made the dolly shot Lana was under contract to Director LeRoy. Astute, small and plump, LeRoy has a name for being smart with new talent. He it was who promoted Loretta Young, Ginger Rogers and tried fruitlessly to sell an unknown young man named Clark Gable to J. L. Warner, who objected to the size of Gable's ears.

Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner was taken to LeRoy by the Zeppo Marx Agency—a contact made for her by Editor Wilkerson. When she walked into his office, Director LeRoy, pulling the contracts out of his desk, asked only one question: "What's your name?"



completely off the track, later publicity pictures like these attempted vainly to call attention to such unsalient features of Miss

When he heard it he said: "Not so good." For half an hour he and Julia Jean Mildred Frances and a gentleman from the agency sat around thinking up a new name. At the end of this period she named herself Lana (pronounced Lah-nah). She didn't know why. It just came to her.

Virgil Turner gets in a crap game

The contract started her at \$200 a week—good money for a Hollywood beginner. It came in handy for the Turners. Things had been all right when Lana's father was alive and working in the mines in Wallace, Idaho, or later, on the docks of the Pacific Steamship Company in San Francisco. Things had been swell but one night, along toward Christmas when a man naturally wanted some extra money, Virgil Turner got hot in a crap game in the basement of the Chronicle Building and the gambler's muscled blackjacked him as he stepped into the alley. As he died slowly of a cerebral hemorrhage, Virgil Turner's playmate drove him to a lonely street in the district known as Burchertown and propped him up against a wall and put his coat over his face. When the police found him the next morning his corpse was bent back at an awkward angle. His left shoe was missing; that was where he always put his roll when he got hot shooting craps.

Mrs. Turner got a job in a beauty parlor. She had studied beauty operating back in Wallace, wanting to keep busy even though her husband didn't see the sense of it. It was lucky now that she had a way to make a living. The store where she worked was a small one, in the Richmond district. It was owned by a woman named Meadows who had a daughter, Hazel, three years older than Lana. The Turners lived with the Meadows family. Lana and Hazel became close friends. They lived there while Lana was going to the convent of the Immaculate Conception and, later, to San Francisco Junior High. In the convent Lana felt sure she would become a nun. When she found nuns had to cut their hair off she decided to be a fashion designer. In junior high, the thwarted nun was girls' cell leader, re-elected twice. She still corresponded with Hazel after moving with her mother to Los Angeles where it was thought the climate would benefit Mrs. Turner's weak chest. They had only been living south a few months when Lana wrote to Hazel about the sharp-faced man with the small mustache who had spoken to her in the malt shop.

Soon the Turner career was rolling at a pleasant clip. The \$200 a week from LeRoy made a big difference. Lana and her mother moved into a better apartment and Lana bought a little roadster, fire-engine red. She met Gregson Bautzer, a young Hollywood attorney. They made a good-looking couple and were often photographed at parties and night clubs. M-G-M,

Turner as her back, her head, and so forth. She is now extremely sensitive about her title *Sweater Girl* and avoids those garments.

where LeRoy had now moved, taking Lana with him, liked this romance. It was just right. They liked it much less when, in February 1940, she eloped with Band Leader Artie Shaw, sometimes jokingly called the King of Swing.

This marriage was the No. 1 Cinema Elopement of the year. It had all the necessary front-page elements—the deserted Bautzer who was called on for a gentlemanly statement of renunciation, Shaw's girl friend, Betty Grable (a predecessor of Lana's at Hollywood High, who was presumably grieving furiously in New York); the shocked studio officials and the girlish bride hiding coyly from interviewers in the "tasting room" of Bellows & Company, wine merchants, a sanctuary offered the couple by a friend of the groom.

The "I'm-sick-of-it-all" routine

The truth was that, at the time of their marriage, Shaw and his wife were barely acquainted. They had worked together in *Dancing Co-ed*, sitting most of the time at opposite sides of the set while up above the lighting crews, who dislike temperament, were planning how to drop a sun arc on Shaw's head. On the night of their elopement the future Mr. and Mrs. Shaw had driven to the beach. It was their first date. Describing what happened, Herbert Radden, an informed commentator, reported: "Artie was in rare form. He gave forth first with the 'I'm-sick-of-it-all' routine, followed by the 'futility-of-it-all' barrage, then the 'chaos-of-the-world, desire-for-the-tranquility-of-a-home-and-family. . . .'"

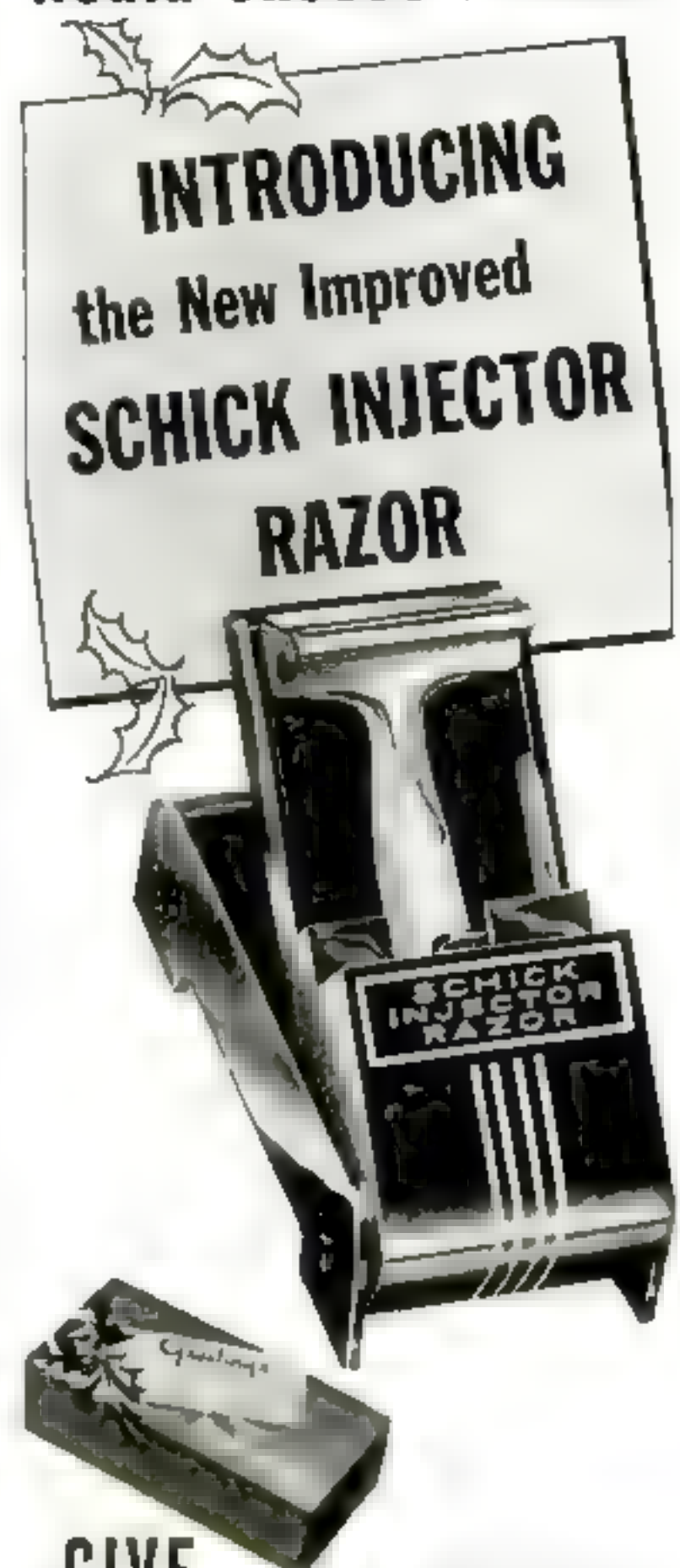
At the end of this campaign Miss Turner, who was still skeptical about her film career and pushed around by the conflicting impulses, hopes and fears which beset people of 19, gave her consent with a brevity almost Lincolnian.

"Let's go," she said.

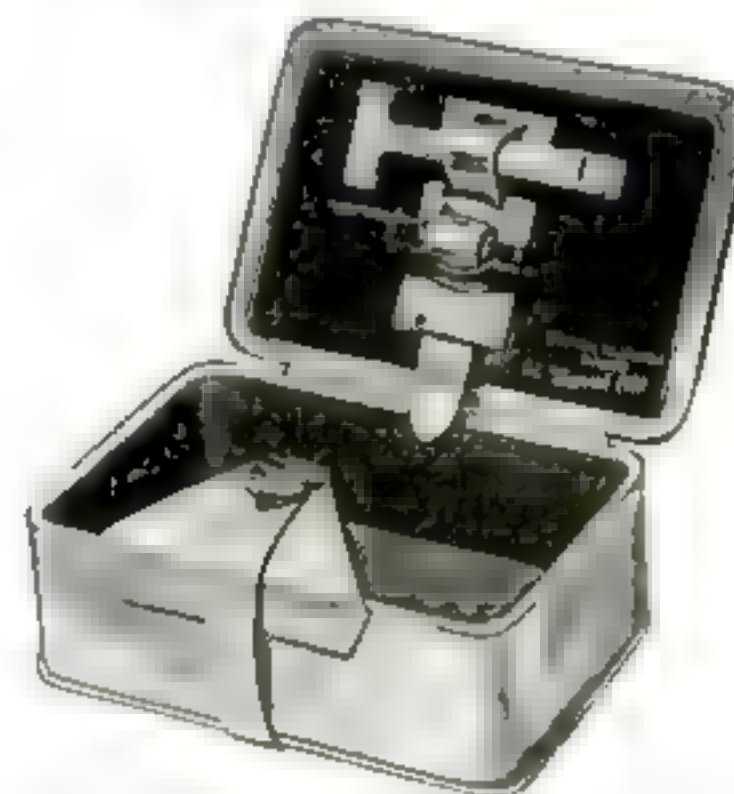
Lana refers to her short marital interlude as "my college education." From the evidence of intimates, the Shaw diploma was not easily won. The King of Swing, a widely read youth, told her she was ignorant, which she admitted. Then he gave her big, thick books to read. He wouldn't take her dancing or let her wear red, or dip potato pancakes in the applesauce. He called her "Turner" and "Carrots" and kept her up late mixing drinks and making sandwiches for his musician friends. Said Critic Radden: "To Shaw and his friends, four bars of Bobby Hackett meant more than the Fall of Paris. . . . There's no telling what eight bars meant. . . ."

Although she could not cook or sew and has always balked at washing dishes, Lana did her best to be a good wife. She made a desperate effort to conceal a secret passion for the music of Clyde McCoy and gave up going to Guy Lombardo's opening at the Grove. (There was quite an argument over that.) She washed

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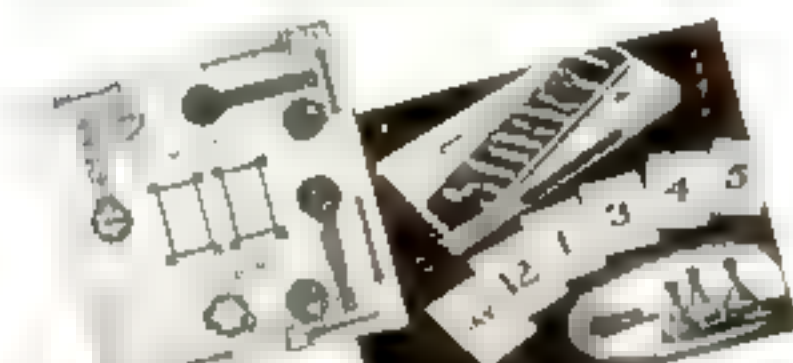
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LANA TURNER (continued)

Artie's shirts in the bathroom sink. Since she was earning close to \$1,000 a week at the time and the King of Swing had earned an estimated \$150,000 in the previous twelve months, this chore was not financially obligatory.

The Shaws' parting was made public in a peculiar manner: it took place without fanfare but next day Artie called Lana up and asked her if she'd come to the radio station where he was working on a sponsored program and pose with him for newspaper stills. He'd promised the stills, he said. Lana agreed to pose and the divided couple spent the morning in affectionate attitudes while cameras clicked. At the conclusion of the séance a newspaperman who had picked up the story of the separation asked Lana about it. "That is correct," she said, disengaging her husband's arms. "We're through for keeps."

Mrs. Shaw sued for a divorce four months and 17 days after their elopement. In a studio car on her way to a boat bound for Honolulu, she kept remembering things she had to do—those shoes of Artie's at the shoemaker's; the suits she'd sent to a cleaner he didn't know about. She'd have to stop and telephone. . . . And the bathroom door! She'd promised him she'd have it fixed, the lousy door that was always sticking. They'd had one of their worst fights about that door, Artie inside trying to get out, insisting she'd locked him in, she outside telling him to pull harder and he refusing, making threats, finally . . . well, it didn't matter now. . . . It is a matter of record that before Lana took the boat she'd fixed it up about the shoes and the suits—and called a man about the bathroom door.

"Before Honolulu" and "after Honolulu"

The trip to Honolulu was almost as much of a milestone as her marriage. Instead of saying, "Before I was married," she says, "Before Honolulu . . . after Honolulu." The studio sent along Betty Asher, a Turner friend and M-G-M employee, to keep Lana cheered up and to make sure she danced with the right people. Outside of a trip back to Webb City, Mo. to visit her father's relatives, Lana had never been anywhere and it was a thrill to get on the boat and look down at everyone waving while the whistle blew harsh, homesick-sounding blasts and the brown strip of water widened.

When she examined her accommodations, however, she was disappointed. The boat wasn't a bit like the set in "Till We Meet Again," more like a ferryboat, only one swimming pool, and people seemed scared because she was a motion-picture star and didn't talk to her. Lana cried every night for two nights before she realized what the trouble was. She'd let a gypsy on the Venice pier kid her into wrapping up some pennies in a handkerchief and sleeping on them to make sure she'd have fun on the trip. She stopped crying and pegged the pennies and the handkerchief out through the porthole, and next day, sure enough, she met a boy from Princeton and he introduced six other Princeton boys. Lana and Betty went dancing and after that the trip was swell except that it was a nuisance having 21 pieces of luggage instead of a couple of trunks. Next trip Lana made up her mind she would take trunks.

Lana did all the usual things in Honolulu. She and Betty got off the boat up to the nose in leis and were down at the landing a few days later, complete islanders by this time, to look disgustedly at the people who were disembarking in a similar condition. "Get a load of those chumps," Lana said. She'd read a book of Hawaiian love lyrics on the boat. She had a hard time reconciling the poet's description of Waikiki Beach with the hot-dog concessions and the radios blaring *Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar*. Still, they had a fine suite with a lanai (the Waikiki word for balcony), and Diamond Head looked somber and beautiful standing out across the water.

Gregson Bautzer, Hollywood attorney, was Lana's first-publicized beau, to whom during 1934 pleased press agents reported she had "narrowed her affections." They were often photographed together although Lana said, "We won't be married for a while."



In fact, serve Best Foods Mustard with Horseradish wherever you formerly used ordinary mustard. See how much more zip it has! Inexpensive, too! Good food stores everywhere now carry this exciting new kind of mustard.



Mary Livingstone was there with another girl in another *lanai* suite so that made things very friendly and one night when there was a big party at the hotel they didn't even go down but had dinner brought up to the suite and after dinner, Betty cut Lana's hair with a pair of manicure scissors. But it looked all right. It really did.

"After Honolulu" a new life began. With her mother, Lana moved into a pleasant, Mediterranean-style house off Benedict Canyon in Beverly Hills. She fixed up a little suite for herself consisting of a bedroom, dressing room and bath and a small sitting room. In the bedroom is a kind of shrine, a large made-to-order showcase containing 36 different kinds of perfume. For personal use she prefers cologne to the expensive contents of the showcase but enjoys looking at the odd-shaped bottles with their provocative names: *Sous le vent*, *Safari*, *Coquette*, *Shocking*. Collectors of items on the personal habits of cinema stars will enjoy knowing that her hip and bust measurements are 34½ in., her waist 23½ in., that she sleeps in satin nightgowns and has one scar—the result of an emergency appendectomy performed two years ago. Her fondness for malts of all flavors and chocolate cake causes her to put weight on with ease as she gets careless. Her principal item of jewelry is a \$2,500 star sapphire ring which she bought for herself. About her wardrobe there is little to be noted except that she has 50 tailored suits (her favorite form of garment), many pairs of slacks and shoes (she considers it bad luck to throw old shoes away). She has just a few sweaters, enjoys reading motion-picture magazines, and of all screen actresses admires Bette Davis most. When depressed she makes it a rule to go out and buy something, setting a high limit of \$75 on this form of consolation.

Romance assails Lana again

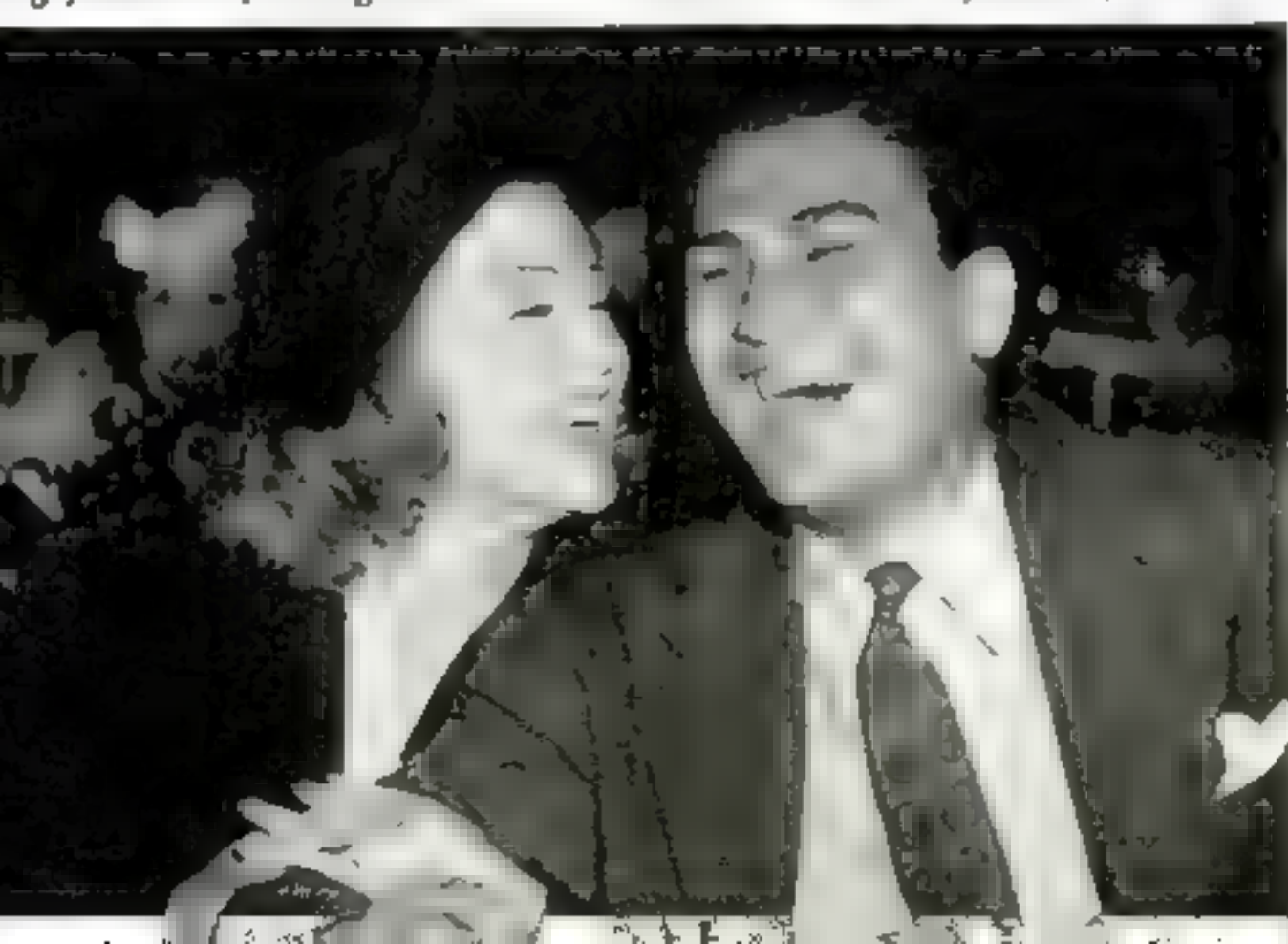
Early last fall Lana Turner went to San Francisco to be maid of honor at Hazel Meadows' wedding, and met Tony Martin, the radio crooner, who was up there for the ASCAP convention. Columnists now feature their romance as one of Hollywood's most torrid. In its general outlines it has an almost placid air. Lana is no longer spongy-crazy; she goes to Ciro's seldom, often to the Tropics where she drinks daiquiris in preference to the concoction called Untamed. She likes to go to Tony's broadcasts, drive to previews in his sleek, black Packard. A golf fiend, he has occasionally persuaded her to walk around the Hillcrest course with him. As an actress she still has no great confidence in herself and is moved almost to tears when someone whose opinion she respects tells her she is doing well.

For her role in *Ziegfeld Girl*, Lana Turner tried to make a test, failed miserably till she had spent two weeks looking at photographs of Ziegfeld girls, reading old programs and listening to Ziegfeld songs. Her part is that of a show girl who goes to pieces due to drink and deserts her boy friend, Jimmy Stewart. In her last sequence, ill, she attends a performance of the *Follies* and, dreaming of herself a success once more, collapses as she walks down a flight of stairs in the theater lobby. Twenty-six takes and rehearsals of that fall were required before Director Robert Z. Leonard was satisfied. Chary with praise for fear of making her swell-headed, Leonard was impressed. Not, he insisted to friends, that the knocks Lana sustained on head and back each time she took her fall were anything. She had, he said, the Ziegfeld look.

When lectured by studio executives on the great future before her, she is cautious. "I like it the way it is," she insists privately. "If you get too wound up you—I don't know—you lose too much. I want to have a lot of time for things."

"Some day..." says Lana Turner, 19, "...some day I want to go much deeper into the human mind."

Lana married Artie Shaw, a band leader, in February 1940, eloping after their first date in Las Vegas, Nev. After a married life of four months and 17 days, most of it one long jam session, Lana got her divorce. Her new beau is Tony Martin, a crooner.



"How I won my stepchild's confidence"

A young stepmother solves one old problem the modern way



1. I'm John's second wife. And when I married him, I married his little girl, too. It's worked out beautifully, except ...well...you know how it is in a small

town. If Nancy should happen to be crying when some busybody passes by, the whole town hears about how I "mistreat that poor motherless child."



2. Well, I love Nancy so dearly that I refuse to spoil her—gossip or no gossip. And this morning when she refused to take her laxative again, I forced her to. She flew into a tantrum and cried, "My real mommy never made me take that nasty-tasting stuff—you don't love me!"



3. That hurt so much I burst into tears. When my sister, Laura, dropped in a few minutes later, I told her all about it—how Nancy kicked up a fuss every time she had to take a laxative. And right then and there she explained how her doctor had solved the same problem for her.



4. "I used to force my children to take a bad-tasting laxative," Laura said. "But, according to the doctor, that may shock a child's delicate nervous system. He said children should never get an adult's laxative. They should get a nice-tasting, gentle one—one made especially for children. He recommended Fletcher's Castoria."



5. "And believe me—it's wonderful!" Laura went on. "Fletcher's Castoria is thorough yet it's always mild and safe. There isn't a single harsh drug in it. It works mostly in the lower bowel so it isn't likely to upset a child's digestion. I wouldn't dream of giving the children anything but Fletcher's Castoria."



6. The minute Laura left, I went right out and bought a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria. It's everything she said it was. PLUS a peacemaker. Nancy loves the taste of it...and our laxative tussles are ended. Now we're friends all the time.

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: (1) In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea.

(2) Senna works primarily in the lower bowel... (3) In regulated dosages it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

Senna is especially processed in Fletcher's Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

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First to arrive, young Helois Prince, gazes from terrace before taking off her hat and coat. Below, cars retires Park Avenue. Tail spin of taxi is seen in Chrysler Building.



A little timidly, Helois tips toes down the hall and peers into the huge drawing room. No other guests have appeared. "Can I help you, Miss?" asks valet's valet. "Oh, no, thank you," gasps Helois.

Life Goes to a Party

with a pretty young girl and 340 celebrities as

Condé Nast opens the Christmas cocktail season

In the Park Avenue penthouse of Publisher Condé Nast, at vespertide Nov. 29, some 140 international celebrities jovially jostled and joked and juggled catapots in pre-Christmas camaraderie. To sophisticated New Yorkers, Christmas time is a time of red cherries and green olives, nesting in tiny glasses, sipping and redolent of good eye and gay. It is a time to set scents smoking with the aroma of many cigarettes, to set cigars for the well-wrought luxury to follow the proper star, to run the wild bore to cover and praise the season's ascendant babe.

Of all the cocktail impresarios in Manhattan, none wields greater authority than Condé Nast, publisher of *Vogue*, *Elegant*, *House and Garden*, safe socialite, and staff of the chic and the slick. At one time or another, Condé Nast has given cocktail parties for everyone of importance in the U. S. professional world. The party with which he ushered in this Christmas act as guests of honor the editorial staff of *STEP*, a new magazine of the theater. Forgotten theater *STEP* and

Guest of honor, Editor Alex King sits surrounded by beautiful women. Dancer Naomi Goe, Actress Mary Jane Bell, Actress Elaine Shephard.



Helen Hayes and Joan Crawford shake hands with Helois, who is flustered by a titanic topaz variety. Miss Crawford later took her truck. She found out, charming. But George, Miss Hayes was more natural.



Charlie Chaplin is very nice to Helois, surprises her with a glass of milk, really, really, and even of a French marmalade. Of the whole and then are 18th Century French masterpieces.





In the powder room Haldis yields her coat, sits down to improve her already impeccable appearance. All four walls of the powder room are covered with mirrors. Haldis wishes so many other guests would arrive.



Haldis greets her host, Carol Nast, on the gas-stucco terrace that runs along the 86th Street side of his penthouse. Behind them are painted errors in perspective.

enjoy Mr. Nast's prodigious hospitality were galaxies of natives from Hollywood, Times Square and the darkest corners of Europe.

To give focus to this hurly-burly of head turns, LIFE's photographer followed a single guest, the youngest and prettiest guest of all. So here you see Mr. Nast's party through the wide, astonished eyes of Haldis Price as she charged into the light brigades of fate. A Massachusetts aristocrat, educated at swank Miss Winsor's School in Boston and an academy in Norway, Miss Price had her debut at Boston's Hotel Somerset in 1936, now at 22 is making a name for herself in New York as a model. Half-Norwegian, she has a slender, exotic, aloof beauty dearly loved by magazine artists and photographers.

Haldis was asked to Mr. Nast's party by Editor Alexander King of *Step*. In her eagerness she arrived too early and for a few moments wandered shyly about the fabulous apartment, admiring the Nast collection of 18th Century French

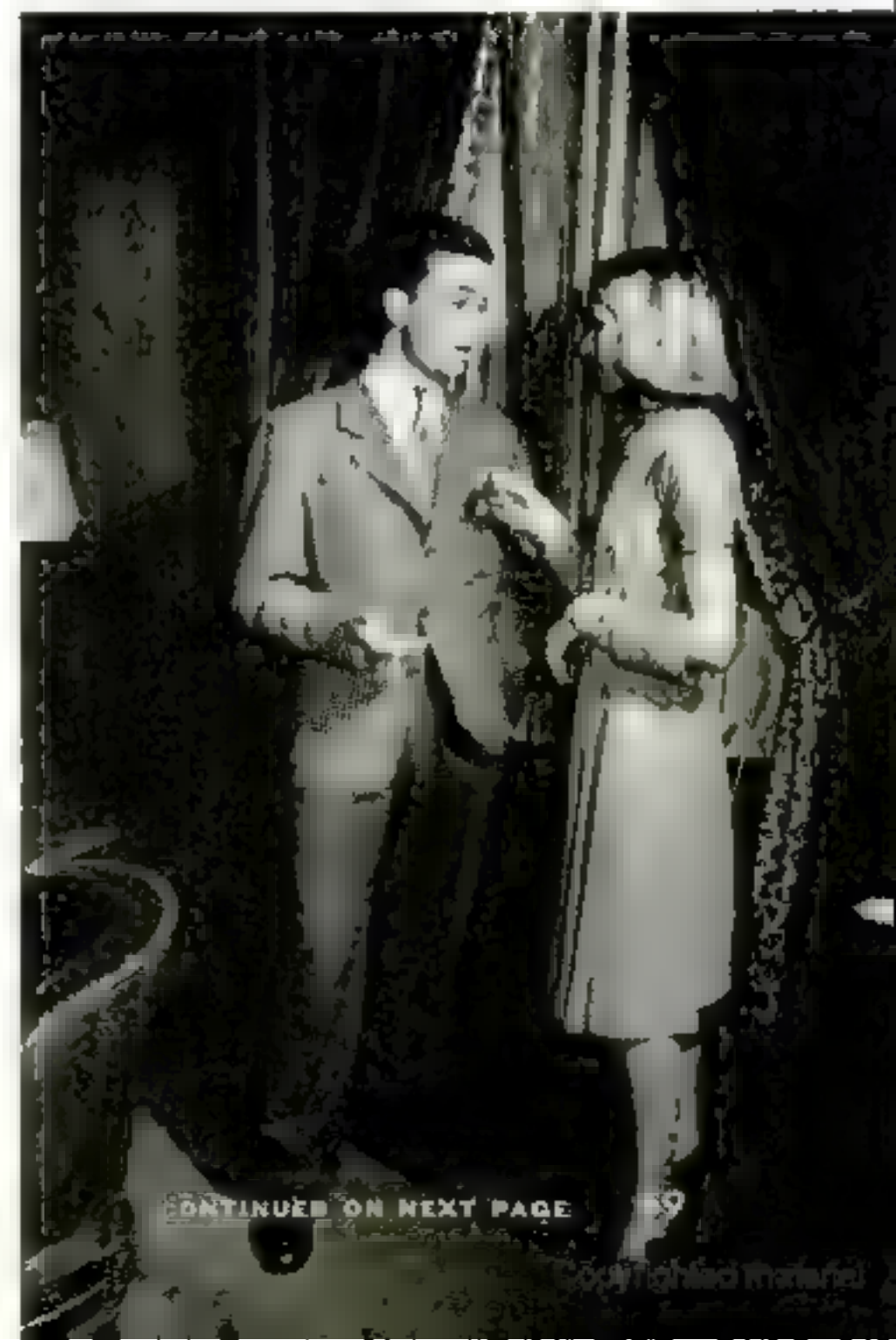
paintings. Then the celebrities swarmed in and Haldis was quickly engulfed in a tidal wave of reputations, caviar, chatter, perfume, bad snoring, foot cramps, smoke, laughter, bitters, cheese nibbles, swizzle sticks and noise. Chitchat ebbed about her like wisps of East River fog. "With only one overnight bag," that girl works on *L'Espresso*—a young actress who was ruined young"— "He's been married twice, all his life"— "Germany, one I won"— "get anywhere near the hors d'oeuvres"— "there's Sol Rosenblatt"— "she was Snow White's body."

A little after 7 o'clock Haldis Price's boy friend appeared. Haldis had been having a wonderful time, but now it was good to see a familiar face. To her, young Freddy Bradley, *Intimate* looked like Santa Claus. After a cigar or two they said "Thank you" to Mr. Nast and left. But the party went on a while, and before it dissolved everyone realized that another merry Christmas was at hand.

Lauritz Melchior plays a solo on the ucarina. Haldis thought he was wonderful. He told her about hunting trips and Christmas in Denmark. When he spoke to her in Danish, she understood him in Norwegian.

Lady Mendl, former Elisabeth Wolff, actress in *Liberator*, flatters Haldis by giving her a limousine. "My dear, where did you get that dress?" Lady Mendl was voted world's best-dressed woman in 1932.

The boy friend, Freddy Bradley, arrives at last and Haldis sighs with relief. "You're Freddy married from theater message a day."



Christmas Cocktail Party (continued)

Give Him
**Enter
woven**



They WEAR Longer
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© 1935 Sockweaver Sock Company



Actress Madge Evans, wife of Ace Playwright Sidney Kingsley, caresses her chin.



Actor Raymond Massey, star of the recent hit, *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, lights up.




Dancer Nadine Gae, ballerina of current hit, *Panama Hattie*, sips a Manhattan.



Singer Lauritz Melchior, No. 1 Wagnerian tenor of Met, fondles a fresh beer.

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Actor Ernest Truex, of *George Washington Slept Here*, flicks ash from his butt.



Major Alexander de Seversky, designer of fighting planes, wields ivory holder.



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Author **Fannie Hurst**, popular fictioneer, always wears gloves at cocktail parties.



Hostess **Mrs. William Rhineland** warms her host's sweet peas.



Comedian **Victor Moore**, starring in *Louisiana Purchase*, has fun with both hands.



Nurse **Violet Heming**, recently starring *Beverly Hills*, nurses waning highball.



Producer and star of *The Great Dictator*, **Charlie Chaplin**, relaxes hand on hip.

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PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

MET FIRST NIGHTER

Sirs:

Every year on the opening night of the Metropolitan Opera in New York, the Wide World picture-agency photographer sets up his wide-angle-lens camera on the Met stage, arranges a battery of flashbulbs and makes an impressive picture of the gleaming first-night audience. Here

is 1940's first night picture and the three which preceded it. By now, the picture is as much a first-night institution as the Dowager Mrs. Vanderbilt or a few bad notes from the orchestra's brass section. Another institution is the bearded face of Dr. Oliver L. Austin which, resting thoughtfully on his left hand, appears year in and year out in the lower left-hand corner of the photograph. He sits in the very first row on the aisle. A successful M. D. in Tuckahoe,

N. Y., Dr. Austin has two great interests besides medicine. One is music: he attends the opera almost every night during the season. The other interest is birds: he is a famous amateur bird lover and his son is an authority on shore birds. If you look closely, you can see other perennial first-night faces.

DOROTHY CHANDLER

New York, N. Y.





Some like it hot! Dromedary Date-Nut Bread makes a grand hot pudding. Just put the can in boiling water for 20 minutes and serve with your favorite sauce. Wait till you taste the fragrant, spicy goodness rich with Dromedary Pasteurized Dates and California walnut meats! Thrill your family with this perfect Holiday Pudding soon—and make it the thrifty, easy way with Dromedary Date-Nut Bread.

• See below •



You have a date with Delight when you taste these tender, delicious Dromedary Pasteurized Dates! Keep them out in the open during the holiday season. They're full of the kind of energy that stays by you, and they're one of Nature's own ways of helping to keep you regular. Be sure to order Dromedary Pasteurized Dates, the only dates bearing the seal of acceptance of the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association.

• See below •



Try this on your dinner table! Put on a plate of Dromedary Date-Nut Bread—rich, moist, flavorful bread, packed with Dromedary Pasteurized Dates and California walnut meats. Serve it with butter, or with cream cheese and jelly—the family will love it as a change from plain everyday bread. It's one of the most nutritious, chock-full-of energy foods you can give them. Economical, too! Be sure to ask for Dromedary Date-Nut Bread.

• See below •



Delicious and different! Dromedary Date Torte. Easy, too! Sift $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cake flour, 1 tsp. baking powder and $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt over $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Dromedary Dates, sliced and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts. Mix well. Beat $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar into 2 egg yolks; add $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. vanilla. Fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites, add date mixture. Spread in greased 8" square pan. Bake at 350° F. about 40 minutes. Cut in squares; top with whipped cream.

• See below •



From our cook to you in 12 minutes! Actually—less than 12 minutes after it's finished cooking, this delicious Dromedary Date-Nut Bread is vacuum-sealed in cans that bring it to you more oven-fresh than any loaf bread you can buy! Keep a can or two always on hand for everyday use, and for special occasions when you want dainty sandwiches. In you want this bread, we use only Dromedary Dates—the finest golden dates of Araby, hand-picked, hand-packed, and pasteurized for your protection. For this reason, we are so sure that Dromedary Date-Nut Bread is better than all other kinds that we are glad to guarantee double your money back if you are not delighted with it!



Important! Nearly all fruit must, of course, be picked and packed by hand. That is why you should buy pasteurized dates just as you buy pasteurized milk. Pasteurization ensures purity. It also dissolves the natural sugars in dates, releasing their full, rich flavor. That is why Dromedary Dates taste so much more delicious. Not only are they the finest golden dates of Araby, they are the *only* pasteurized dates. Only Dromedary takes this extra precaution. Think of this when you buy dates.



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The new \$5 Sampler is the most welcome gift box of the season!

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Favorite assortment of centers, with milk-chocolate coatings— $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.



CHOCOLATES and BON BONS, \$1 & \$2
Luscious bon bons, with chocolate-coated creams and other centers— $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.

FOR TREE AND STOCKING!



Wonderbox—Children's favorite candies 25¢	Chocolate Stars 10¢	Hard Candy—fruit drops, and others 25¢, 35¢, 50¢
Chocolate Cigarettes 5¢	Wonderpops—in assorted flavors, 6 for 5¢	Candy-loaded Toys—Truck, 50¢—Airplane, 25¢
Chocolate Nibbles 5¢	Wonderpop Gift Box 25¢	

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